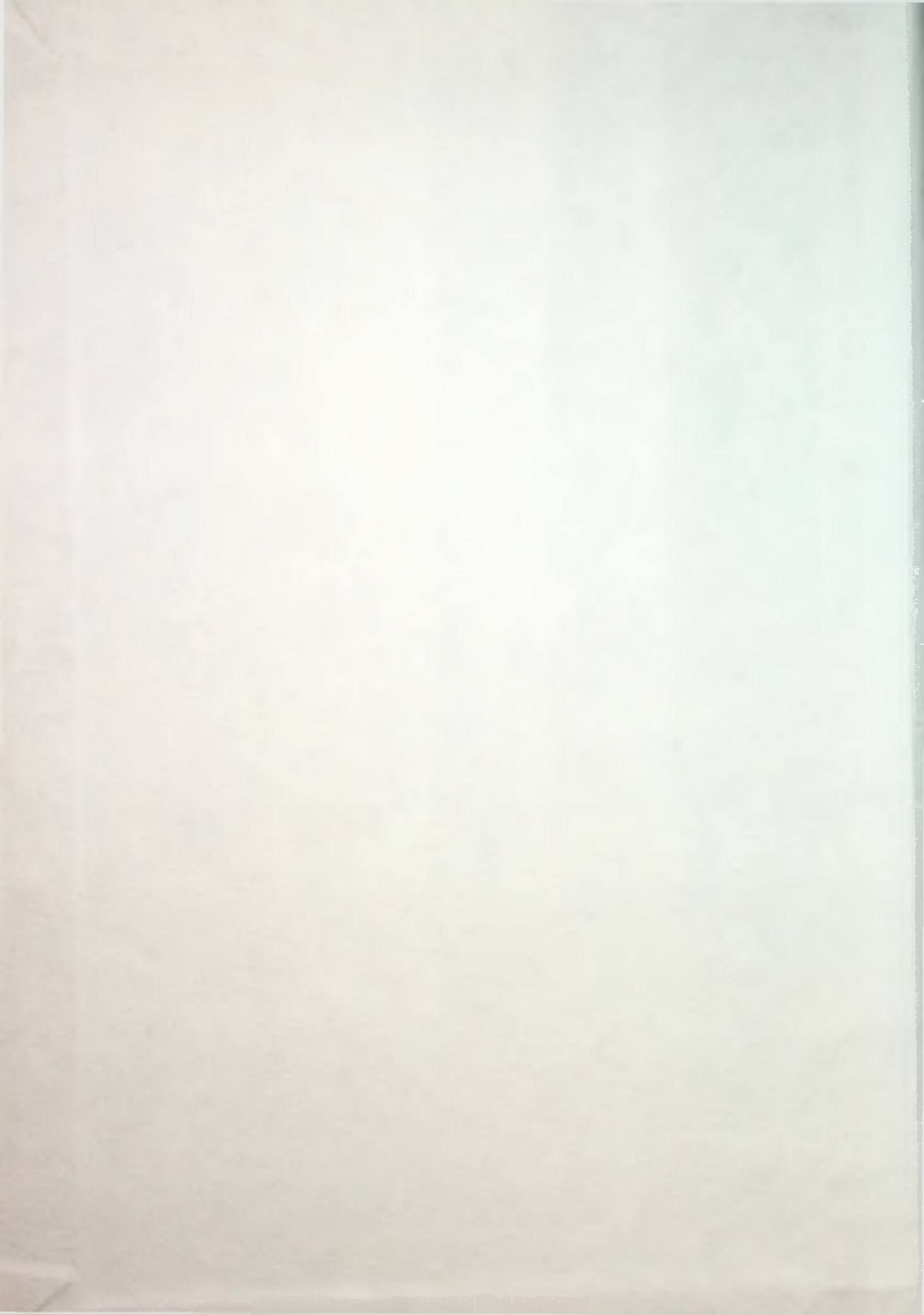


r373

M287

Sherman Rom
Local History



SHERMAN BOOKS

Reference Collection



*Material must remain
in this building*

Mansfield-Richland County Public Library

1909

VOLUME 2.

ANNUAL

PUBLISHED BY THE
SENIOR CLASS OF MANSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL,
MANSFIELD, OHIO.



MISS BERTHA RUESS.

SHERMAN ROOM

MANSFIELD ROCKLAND COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY

To Miss Ruess whose thoughts and deeds
have ever been for the Mansfield High School,
this book is respectfully dedicated by the
class of 1909.

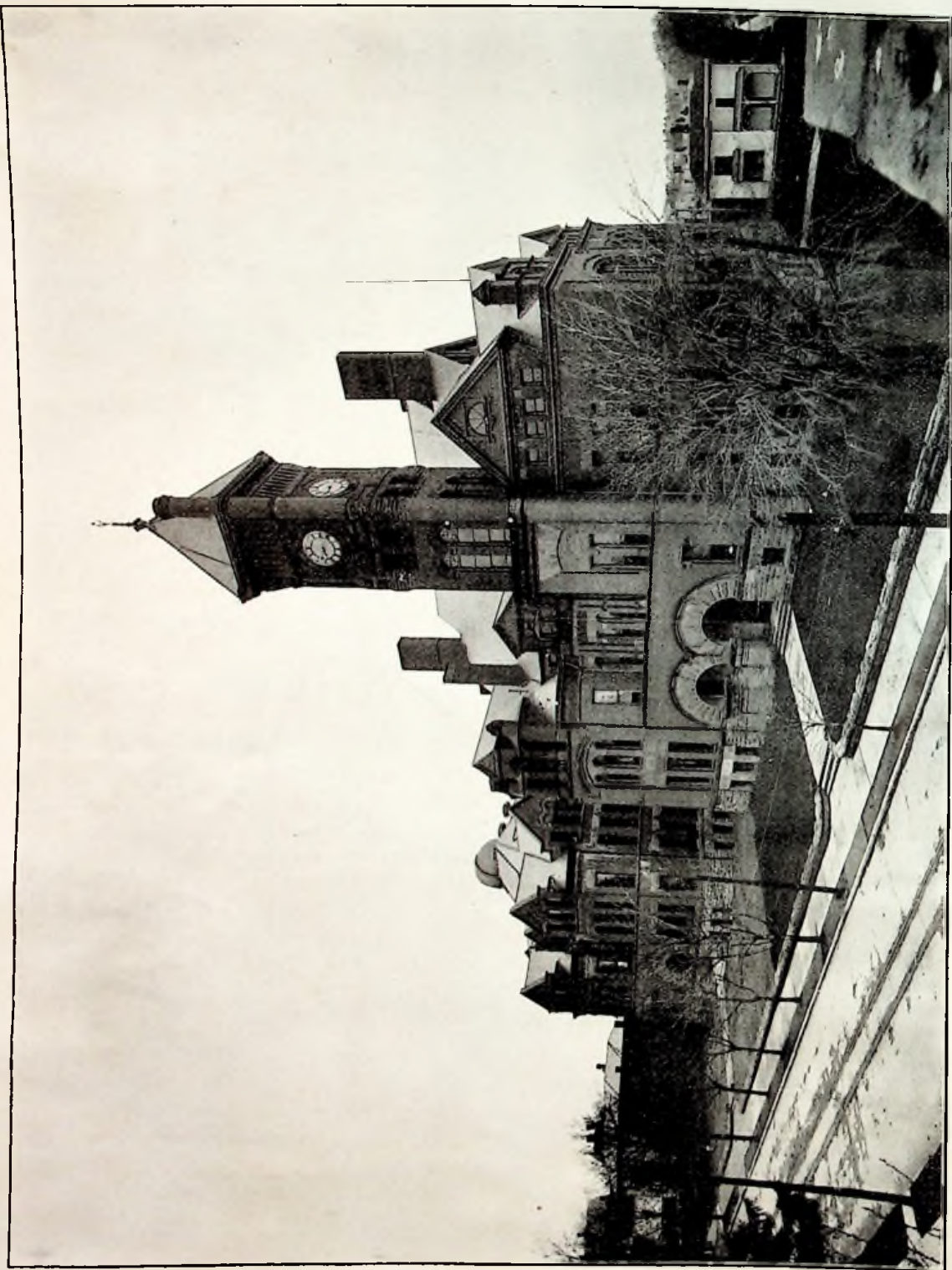
Miss Bertha Ruess was born in Mansfield, spending her entire girlhood in this vicinity. In the spring of 1883, she graduated from the Mansfield High School with the honor of valedictorian. The following fall she began teaching at Hedges Street where she advanced to Principalship, after having taught in every grade. After some years Miss Ruess accepted a position in the High School, German later being introduced under her. She has attended several summer courses at Chataqua and Ohio State. She is at present secretary of the State Board of Control of the Ohio Teachers' Reading Circle, also city examiner.

LE COMMENCEMENT

Be not like him who eats the peach
And then forgets the tree,
The traveller upon the ship
Who never thanks the sea;
But when you read what others wrote,
Please reckon the work it took
The staff to skirmish up the stuff
And make it in a book.

There's every thought in order—
The poetry and prose
From simple grinds and business adds,
To rhetorical flows.
Throughout, there is a harmony
Betwixt the moan and laugh—
Now promise—When you compliment
You won't forget the staff.

THE STAFF ITSELF.



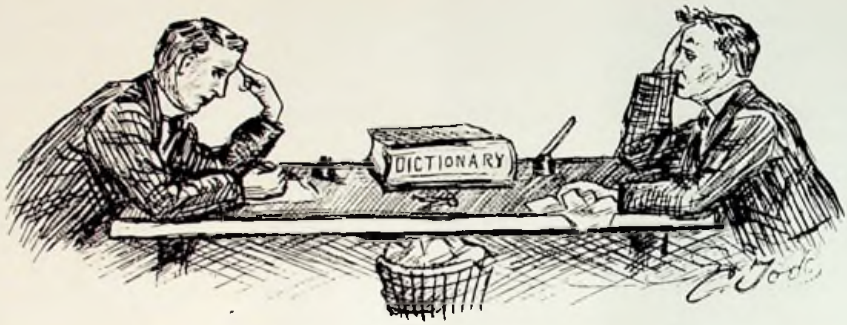
MANSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL.



	PAGE.
Editorial - - - - -	8
Discontent (Poem) - - - - -	11
Mr. Helter - - - - -	12
Mr. Hall - - - - -	13
M. H. S. Teachers - - - - -	14
Faculty - - - - -	16
Introspection - - - - -	25
Senior Officers - - - - -	27
Senior Picture - - - - -	28
Senior Class Roll - - - - -	29
Senior Poem - - - - -	31
History of Class of '09 - - - - -	32
Prophecy - - - - -	34
Junior Officers - - - - -	43
Junior Picture - - - - -	44
Junior Class Roll - - - - -	45
Junior Poem - - - - -	47
History of Class of '10 - - - - -	48
Reception - - - - -	50
Sophomore Officers - - - - -	53
Sophomore Picture - - - - -	54
Sophomore Class Roll - - - - -	55
Sophomore Class History - - - - -	58
Sophomore Poem - - - - -	59
Freshman Officers - - - - -	61
Freshman Picture - - - - -	62

	PAGE.
Freshman Class Roll - - - - -	63
Freshman Class History - - - - -	66
Freshman Poem - - - - -	67
Familiar Faces - - - - -	68
Alumni - - - - -	70
Graduates - - - - -	71
Cleanliness - - - - -	92
Quartette - - - - -	95
Instrumental Quartette - - - - -	96
Orchestra - - - - -	97
Rhetoricals - - - - -	98
General Athletics - - - - -	100
Foot Ball - - - - -	102
Basket Ball - - - - -	106
Base Ball - - - - -	114
School Board - - - - -	117
Italian Flower Girl - - - - -	120
Mabel "The Apostate" - - - - -	124
Soliloquy - - - - -	129
Philistine - - - - -	132
Centenarians - - - - -	133
Pipe Dream - - - - -	134
Jokes - - - - -	141
Staff Picture - - - - -	
Le Fin - - - - -	
Advertisements - - - - -	

THE ANNUAL



EDITORIALS

A fact to be deplored is the lack of a proper room for our dinner pupils. These people are entitled to a separate room and a comfortable place to eat their dinners. Instead of this they have to leave their dinner boxes with their coats and hats in the various cloak rooms of the building, none of which are too large, then at noon they are sent to the study rooms where they spend the noon hour in uncomfortable seats and in the same atmosphere that has been breathed over and over again by the pupils occupying the room in the morning. Is this healthful and is it fair to the dinner pupils? Thus, notwithstanding the fact that they must eat cold lunch, they are compelled to remain in comparative discomfort during the entire dinner hour.

The Literary Societies of M. H. S. seemed to have dropped below the horizon of their local record. The rhetorical of the separate classes are carried on the same as when under the head of a Literary Society, and the plan of the program has only digressed a little from the old rule, so on the whole we are able to see no depreciating effects of its departure.

The fifteen commencement speakers were chosen by the teachers from the thirty elected by the class. The names are Hazel Hipp, Emma Warring, Marie Brunk, Ruth Hursh, Samuel Garber, Vulah Greenlee, Helen Webber, Donald Willis, Walter Schlegel, Leo McCollough, Charles Stevenson, Carl Oberlin, Mary Dunham, Howard McDaniel Valedictorian, and Edna Swartz Salutatorian. A great many numbers by the Glee Club quartet, together with solos both instrumental and vocal have been arranged. The theme of this years commencement which is to be held June 11th will be on the noted centennials.

We wish to thank our Advisory board Miss Holland and Miss Feldner for their cheerful and valuable help given to us, the staff, in the publishing of the Annual. We also are very grateful to Mr. Beckett and members of the commercial department for their assistance in typewriting the various manuscripts. They not only aided the staff but showed their efficiency and materially aided the printer who will remember them with the kindest of thoughts.

Owing to the state law, fire escapes have been provided for every room in the building: although they are a great improvement over the old way of exit they do anything but improve the appearance of the exterior of the building.

THE ANNUAL

During the year the different classes have assembled in the auditorium to listen to many noted speakers many of whom gave us rare treats a fact which ought to be appreciated by us all. Among the most eminent were Gov. Hanley, George R. Stuart, Dr. C. C. Miller of Lima College, Rev. J. C. Roberts, of Wapakonetta; Dr. M. E. Bates Pres., of Hiram College and Mr. Weston the world famous walker.

Rhetorical exercises of the different classes are no longer held in the auditorium but in room No. 24 which was the girls basket-ball room. Seats have been put in and here Miss Swaim holds sway. For this reason girls' athletics have been discontinued.

A new social feature of the Senior Class is the party which we are giving to ourselves at the Masonic Hall on the twenty-eighth of May.

Considerable attention has been paid by the board and by the Superintendent to Manual Training and Domestic Science. We hope that it may be of some consequence and that at some future time not far distant that this useful and important branch may be established in our Public Schools.

Athletics this year have proven to be a great success and we are indeed proud of ourselves. The board so kindly gave their consent and now that we have shown them how excellently we can do, we hope that they will favor athletics the coming year, for since we have been able to do it once we can surely "keep the good work up."

Were there a rule of the Board of Education compelling girls to wear their hair in that style commonly seen about M. H. S., necessitating the going without hats, a greater excitement and opposition would be raised than that caused by the Whittla Kidnapping Case.

It has been said, "To some men happiness means three meals a day and a place to sleep. To others getting the proper shade on a meerschaum pipe." But we all know this does not apply to Mr. Hall. To come upon him some day dreaming of a nice quiet little stream where they bite good, radiates happiness even to the sorrowing mortals who stand aside patiently awaiting excuses.

We wish to call attention to the contributions of our advertisers, to whom we are very thankful for their monetary aid. Also, we wish to thank the teachers and pupils for their advice and kindly interest which has so materially aided us in our work.

The teachers who were here last year have written us from various places: Miss Carson is teaching Mathematics in the High School at Duluth; Mr. Holmes and Mr. Blankenhorn are in the west, Mr. Holmes having charge of the commercial department in the San Diego High School, and Mr. Blankenhorn teaching English in the Pueblo High School; our Science teacher Mr. Agler is Superintendent of Schools at Kingston, Ohio; Miss Waugh is a teacher in the grades in

THE ANNUAL

Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Downend our former drawing teacher, is Supervisor of Drawing in Sandusky, Ohio; while Mr. Miller, who formerly taught mathematics here was last heard of from Bellvue, Mich.

The time for graduation has very nearly arrived. Although the Seniors pretend that they are glad to get away from the school, nevertheless, there will be many times when they will long and wish for the good old times in M. H. S. Now, there is fuss and excitement, for the girls are planning dresses; and boys, from what we hear, are very nearly as fussy over their clothes as the girls. But this will soon be over, and after things have quieted down a little, our thoughts, that our good old High School days are left behind, will be sad rather than glad.

The board have recently remodeled the room in which they hold their meetings. It has been done with an eye to taste and comfort which can be seen in the beautiful frescoed walls, rich furniture, and revolving leather chairs.

A good thought to keep in mind is that of not running down your own school. It is a great temptation when things don't go right to get "the little hammer" out and pound awhile. But to outsiders it does n't sound well. Many times it gives them a false idea of the school, and soon they begin to pound a little and thus the story grows until it becomes a mountain, when perhaps if sifted down, the truth consists in but a grain of sand which went to make up that mountain.

Members of Glee Club are:

Soprano	Mildred Moorehouse,	Martin Jeliff,
Lucile Graham,	Hazel Hipp,	Jud Cox,
Hazel McCormick,	Helen Webber,	Walter Oswalt,
Hazel Hammett,	Tenor	Frank Cave,
Margaret Tanner,	Jim Carrigan,	Alto
Agnes Jackson,	Wm. Black,	Blanche Miller,
Ethel Heiser,	Robert Shireman,	Emma Waring,
Floy Campbell,	Lorian Cook,	Marie Evans,
Helen Brown,	Vance Judson,	Helen Whismore,
Nellie Meily,	C. Patterson,	Estella Arras,
Maude Jones,	Bass	Helen Jennings,
Hazel McIntire,	Leo McCullough,	Hazel Lapham,
Edith Ettinger,	Lee Hoffman,	Edith Leppo,

Under the directorship of Prof. Bellingham, the High school concert was given in the Congregational church on April 30. After the rendition of Mendelsohn's 42 Psalm, in which Miss Margaret Lindsey, a graduate of '08 took the solo part, a miscellaneous program of ten or eleven selections was given. The concert closed with the vocal rendition of Blue Danube Waltzes by Strauss. A fine orchestra of twenty pieces selected from the members of the High School orchestra and City Band accompanied the choruses. All the choral work was done by members of the Junior and Senior classes on account of the voices of the members of the younger classes being too immature for such work.

THE ANNUAL

DISCONTENT

'Tis well to live life unconcerned and simple to its close—
To never know world's many sides, its triumphs and its woes.
'Twill do, to be fate-satisfied, to smile and murmur not,
To run the gauntlet of the times contented with our lot.

But something grander, aye sublime is it to feel our power,
To contemplate what's gone before and link it with the hour.
To find the dross in life that is, and then espouse a cause,
To criticise in discontent—to find and mend the flaws.

Not long ago I dreamed a dream, about the human kind.
I dreamed them back a million years; I saw them in my mind.
The prototypes of what we are— and all we hope to be—
I saw them in communion in the branches of a tree.

Each face among them wore its grin, and showed no mark of care,
They worried not about their way, they wore no clothes but hair;
They ate what nature chanced to grow, and swung among the trees.
They toiled not, neither did they spin—their lives were joy and ease.

They knew not of their history, nor did they care to know,
They troubled not with pro and con—the false and what was so—
But on they lived their simple life, in peace and grand content,
Man lived and died, and no one cared the time he came or went.

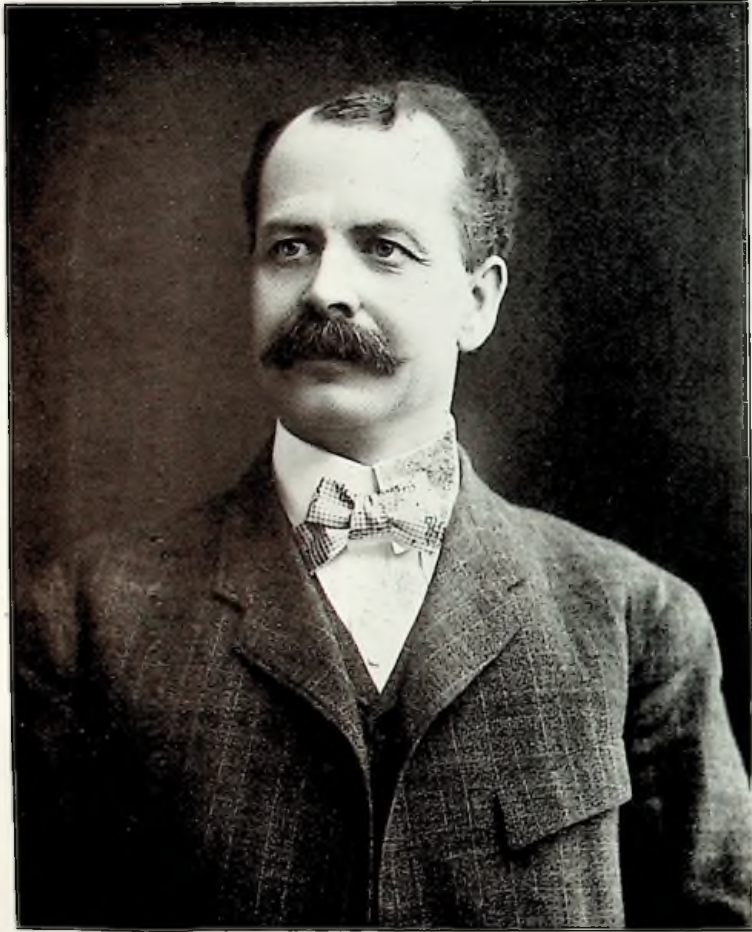
Then I redreamed the million years, and searched for progress made
"Alas, conservatives, alack!" 'Twas more than retrograde,
Thro' rank content, a million years had left them monkeys still,
A grinning foolish race of men without a brain or will!

But I awoke. Beheld the truth. They really did advance!
Who can not see it must be dead, deluded, in a trance.
They have advanced from naught to much, from darkness into dawn;
Their discontent had set the pace—their progress followed on.

Where mere passivity is king, felicity's unknown.
No good can come from reaping where another's hand has sown.
True bliss is found in labor, in the struggle, not the prize;
Let discontent assign the task—let bliss materialize.

By G '11

THE ANNUAL



SUPERINTENDENT H. H. HELTER.

PAST SUPERINTENDENTS.

Alexander Bartlett,
H. Merrell,
W. Catlin,
J. H. Reed,
Henry M. Parker,

John Simpson,
James Knott,
E. D. Lyon,
Dr. Thos. Vickers,
C. L. VanCleve.

THE ANNUAL



H. E. HALL, Principal.

THE ANNUAL

M. H. S. TEACHERS

Professor Hall was feeling grand,
His smile was sweet, his manner bland.
"Why should I worry much," thought he,
"With our teachers for company.
Just think of kind Miss Reuss," he mused,
She ne'er was known to be confused,
But with appearance calm and wise
Can either help or criticise.
In Margaret Feldner she has gained
An able partner, tried and trained;
A woman with an eagle eye
Which can in deepest secrets pry.
Miss Simpson always does her best
To make us brilliant at the test.
Her first aim has been to secure
Knowledge of French and Literature.
Professor Marting now has won
Eternal thanks from everyone;
For, by his skill and sacrifice,
Athletic games have turned out nice.

Miss Felger and Miss Snyder, too,
Are to our interests always true,
While of Miss Swaim, we'll always claim
That she could show the way to fame,
For she well taught how to debate,
Or to discuss affairs of state.
There is a teacher in our school
Of pleasant manner, hard to fool,
Full of Science, hair is wavy,
Do you know him? (Professor Davey),
He is a good man on explanation,
But sometimes likes a short vacation.

THE ANNUAL

Miss Miller with her winning smile,
Serves Latin up in fancy style,
Or if you further knowledge seek,
She will soon burden you with Greek.
Miss Moore, so quiet and demure,
Of many friends may be quite sure,
For who could well forget the aid
Which she has given to boy and maid.

Professor Baldwin is quite sincere,
Full of humor and void of fear;
Miss Jenner, maid of mystery,
Explains civics and History,
And by her unassuming ways,
Wins for herself deserving praise.
Miss Aberle performs her mission,
With kind and loving disposition.
Miss Abbott helps where'er she can,
And so is always in demand.
Professor Bellingham prolongs
Great pleasure by his numerous songs.
Miss Edwards with her drawing lessons
Has made favorable impressions.
Miss Holland has won lasting favor
By her help with this school paper.
Miss Garrison with her winning way,
Helps Latin classes every day.
In Beckett we have gained a man
Who does the very best he can,
And takes an honest upright way,
To make his studies plain as day.

No wonder H. E. Hall feels great,
As he considers every trait;
No wonder he is heard to state,
Our teachers have been picked by fate.



THE ANNUAL



MISS HOLLAND,
Mathematics.



MR. MARTING,
Science, Commercial Law, English.

THE ANNUAL

MISS ABBOTT,
English.



MISS FELDNER,
German.



THE ANNUAL



MR. BALDWIN,
Mathematics.



MISS MOORE,
Mathematics.

THE ANNUAL

MISS FELGER,
English and Study Room.



MR. DAVEY,
Science.



THE ANNUAL



MISS MILLER,
History, Latin.



MISS GARRISON,
Latin.

THE ANNUAL

MISS JENNER,
Civics, History.



MR. BELLINGHAM,
Musical Director.



THE ANNUAL



MISS SWAIM,
Parliamentary Law, General Rhetoricals.



MR. BECKETT,
Commercial Dep't.

THE ANNUAL

MISS ABERLE,
Elementary Science and Ancient History.



MISS SIMPSON,
French, English Literature.



THE ANNUAL

MISS McILVAINE,
Superintendent's Clerk.

MISS SNYDER,
Study Room.

MISS EDWARDS,
Drawing.

THE ANNUAL

INTROSPECTION

There it stands in all its glory—
Our old red-brick M. H. S.
In its halls a goodly number,
Now are striving for success.

Through the hours long and weary—
We at times think school a bore;
But in future years these hours
We shall never once deplore.

Do we not within these portals,
Settle questions of the day,
Which are tantalizing mortals,
Mortals, made of finer clay?

Do we not dispose of these things:—
Women's Suffrage and her right?
Finance, Standard Oil and Statecraft,
Or the Presidential fight?

When our boys are old and feeble,
And have nothing else to do,
They will sit around on boxes,
And those good old times renew.

Then they'll tell precocious youngsters,
How they studied all so fine
With their only time for pleasure:
Playing on the base-ball nine.

How they were the all-star players—
Basket-ball and foot-ball too:
How they whipped the other fellows,
As their reputation grew.

And the girls in caps and kerchiefs,
Spectacles and snowy curls—
Will talk over while they're knitting,
Their good times as High School girls.

How in bygone days they labored—
Sometimes far into the night;
Working wildly at their Latin,
German or their French polite.

Chocolates few they ate and never
Longed to plunge in social swim;
Went to bed at sharp 9:30—
And but seldom talked of "him."

Then the children, wide-eyed, wond'ring
Think it surely must be fine—
To have gone to Mansfield High School
In the year one-nine-naught-nine.

REBEKAH MACDANIEL.

THE ANNUAL

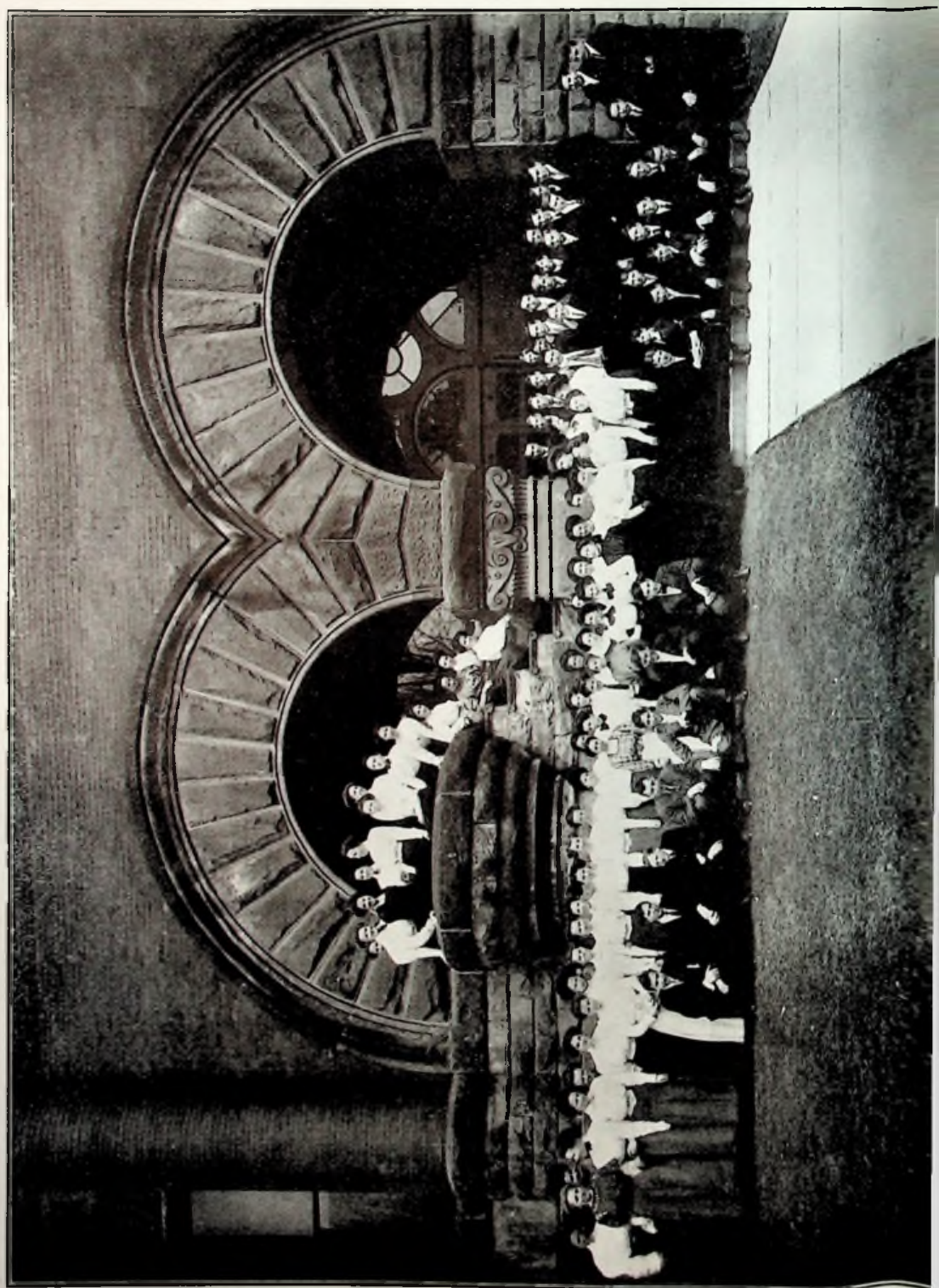


THE ANNUAL

SENIOR OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT	-	-	-	HOWARD McDANIEL
VICE PRESIDENT	-	-	-	JUD COX
SECRETARY	-	-	-	MARY DUNHAM
TREASURER	-	-	-	CARL OBERLIN
SARGEANT-AT-ARMS	-	-	-	JAMES CARRIGAN

CLASS COLORS—Black and Gold.



THE ANNUAL

SENIOR CLASS ROLL

REBA ACKERMAN
ALBERTA ACKERMAN
ESTELLA ARRAS
AMY BROWN
PEARL BARR
MARIE BRUNK
MARY DUNHAM
HELEN ENOS
NELLIE FENSCH
v NELLIE FRANKEBERGER
VULAH GREENLEE
HAZEL HIPPI
MAE HUENERFAUTH
RUTH HURSH
HELEN JENNINGS
MAUD JONES
LENA JOHNSON
IRENE KREBS
MARIE KUEBLER
HATTIE KALMERTEN
IDA METCALF
HAZEL MCCORMICK
ETHEL MCFARLAND
ELIZABETH PFENNING
EDNA SWARTZ
MAE SHIVELY
HELEN WHISSEMORE
MARIE WEIL
HELEN WEBBER
EMMA WARING
ESTELLA WEAVER
ALVERDA ARMSTRONG
MARY BERRY
HELEN BROWN
FLOY CAMPBELL
VERA COSTARD
MARIE EVANS
EDITH ETTINGER
LUCILLE GORHAM
EDITH HOUSTON
HAZEL HAMMETT
ETHEL HEISER
AGNES JACKSON
HELEN LEUTHNER

THE ANNUAL

HAZEL LAPHAM
RHEA LADOW
EDITH LEPP
LILLIAN LAUER
JOSEPHINE LEMON
MILDRED MOORHOUSE
HAZEL MCINTIRE
NELLE MEILEY
BLANCHE MILLER
EVA O'HEARN
NELLIE RUPERT
MARY RITCHIE
MARGRET TANNER
✓ VIOLET WILSON
MARK BELL
SAMUEL GARBER
HOWARD HARDING
LEE HOFFMAN
RUSSELL JELLIFF
VERNON KERN
LEO MCCULLOUGH
CARL OBERLIN
EDWARD PALMER
OTTO PATTERSON
MERZ PECHT
LLOYD SHOWERS
ERNEST SHAFER
CHAS. STEVENSON
WALTER SCHLEGEL
DONALD WILLIS
✓ YORK DIRLAM
✓ ROGER AU
WILLIAM BLACK
LORRAIN COOK
FRANK CAVE
JUD COX
✓ HERBERT DITWILER
WILLIAM FRIEND
MARTIN JELLIFF
VANCE JUDSON
RAYMOND LANTZ
JOHN MORGAN
HOWARD MCDANIEL
MERLE PECHT
JASPER PITTENGER
FRANK PAINTER
OSCAR SCHALLER
JOHN SHEETS
ROBT. SHIREMAN
COLEMAN TODD
JAMES CARRIGAN
WALTER OSWALT

THE ANNUAL

SENIOR POEM

We started out as "Freshies," so wondrous and so wise,
We had a store of knowledge, conceit looked through our eyes;
We faltered not, nor fainted at problems great or small.
We'd started out to conquer and had no fear at all.

As Sophomores we paused a bit, some clouds obscured our view,
We found along our pathway, some things we never knew,
But still with faith and courage, we battled firm and strong,
Our teachers brave, and cheerful, encouraged us along.

And next year we were Juniors, hope filled our very soul,
The battle was half over, we soon should reach the goal,
But darkness gathered round us, dense ignorance hemmed us in,
Determined yet, we faltered on, still hoping we might win.

Past struggles were forgotten, we'd reached the Senior year,
But with awakened knowledge, 'twas with a sense of fear;
We've fought so hard for wisdom, in this battle of four years,
It blurs our very vision, it blinds our eyes with tears.

So here is to the Freshman, so confident and wise,
And this is to the Sophomore, whose knowledge still I prize;
Another for the Junior so faltering and weak,
Last of all the Senior, now grown so very meek.

In visions of past failures, in retrospection's view,
I see myself included, in all I've said to you;
Cheer up! the vision brightens, and hope yet sees a star,
We'll go forth yet to battle, "fetch knowledge from afar."

We'll bring such stores of wisdom, won from our triumphs here,
The way will open for us, our visions grow more clear;
So comrades, fellow pupils, fight on until the end,
And take these words I leave you as coming from a friend.

ALVERDA ARMSTRONG.



THE ANNUAL

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '09

One morning in September 1904, when autumn was just beginning to display her radiant hues, we embarked on a vessel called the M. H. S. Upon entering, we were called "Freshmen" by all the higher classes and were well enough satisfied to own even that verdant title. We organized a class and held several meetings during our Freshman year. Then came a release of a few months and we found ourselves drifting along the tide of the Ocean of Knowledge. Soon the time came for us to resume our studies. At this stage of our journey we were called "Sophomores." No more were we pointed at and called by the notorious name of "Freshmen." The ones who belong to the higher classes now began to show much esteem and respect for us. How proud it made us feel! We held several class meetings during this year also, and began to feel the necessity of study for the purpose of attaining knowledge. Though we had many blue Mondays, or even whole weeks, we patiently performed our tasks. This year was marked by the formation of a literary society which tended to display the talents of the various members of the class. These meetings, unlike the former rhetoricals, which were held in the auditorium, took place in the study room on the second floor. The fleeting time passed by and again we became released from the long strain of diligent study for a few months. Ere we were aware of it, however, we found ourselves entering into a still higher station in life, being given the beloved title of "Juniors." During the latter half of the year we honored the class which had already attained that highest title, the "Seniors," with a reception, trying hard to make it a success. It is needless to say that we held quite a few class meetings during the year. Once more came a short rest from our mental strife, and scarcely before we could realize it, we had received the respected, honored, and

THE ANNUAL

dignified title of "Seniors." We had by this time learned to study in earnest and with a much greater zeal than heretofore. The Juniors prepared a reception for us which was thoroughly enjoyed. This was the main event of social importance, which our class as a whole, enjoyed. It is almost useless to say that our class meetings, during this year, were somewhat frequent and irregular.

The pilot of our ship, Mr. Helter, and the captain, Mr. Hall, together with their assistants, have gained our friendship by their kind counsel and excellent instructions and by various ways in which they have aided us during the stormy days of our journey. A very short time ago, our pilot and captain notified us that the "Harbor of Success" was in sight. We all went on deck and saw, for ourselves, that this was true; and, though we had become attached to the dear old M. H. S., we were anxious to anchor our vessel and land.

During the first year of our journey, death visited our crew, taking our dear friend Lucile Wolfe from us. The next year death again came to us "with his sickle keen" taking from us another, in the person of Henry Brinkerhoff. Dear memories of these two members of our class will ever remain with us.

Thus, though our number was somewhat decreased, as many passengers as ever before crossed the Ocean of Knowledge in the vessel of M. H. S., landed one bright day at the Harbor of Success, ready to enter upon life's great expanse beyond.

MAUDE JONES.



THE ANNUAL



IN 1925

For ten long years I labored hard,
Then, with law practice very fine,
I felt a yearning come o'er me
To see my dear friends of '09.

So, dropping my business affairs,
And thinking the time fitly spent,
I boarded a train for the west,
And was soon on my mission bent.

First, stopping off at Chicago,
I was much surprised to hear
That Mr. Edward Palmer
Was a doctor for the ear.

I thought I'd call upon him,
And old friendships renew,
So I took the elevated car
For Columbus Avenue.

When I jumped aboard the car,
A well-known form I saw,
For who should the conductor be
But a man named Roger Au.

We had a chat about old times,
How at school we used to dream,
But suddenly there came a crash,
And women began to scream.

We all were in great danger;
The car had jumped the track
And was heading for the pavement
And a solitary hack.

But destruction was not due us,
For the car caught on a wire,
And balanced there above the street,
One end eighteen feet higher.

THE ANNUAL

A long rope ladder then was brought,
By people on the street,
And thrown up to the mid-air car,
Our only safe retreat.

I was the first one to descend,
And as I reached the ground
I heard an old familiar voice,
An old familiar sound.

I turned and grasped the speaker's hand,
The man knew me, I guess;
For it was Robert Shireman,
A reporter for the "Press."

As he was a city reporter,
He had much news to relate
And I listened with attention
'Till the hour grew very late.

He stated that John Sheets
Was an athlete of great fame;
Emma Waring and Lotta Branch
Had long since changed their names.

Of course this much surprised me,
But the next I couldn't stand;
He said that Lorrain Cook
Had joined the German Band.

Marie Brunk and Leo McCullough
He said were on the stage;
Blanch Miller was in Vaudeville,
And was surely all the rage.

I then went with him to his home,
Where, with great courtesy,
He led me to his wife, and said,
"No doubt you remember Marie?"

She also had some news to tell,
And this was the way it ran:—
Ethel McFarland and Elizabeth Phenning
Were missionaries to Japan.

And that Lucile Gorham
Was quite a suffragette;
Maude Jones had run for office
And was prob'ly running yet.

She also knew Mae Heunerfauth,
Had entered married life,
While it was said Mae Shively
Now made a loving wife.

THE ANNUAL

Next day a circus came to town,
And we thought we'd take it in,
For Bob said the owner
Was Carl Oberlin.

Upon our way to see him,
Near a hardware store we came,
Where Showers and Ernest Shaffer,
Were making quite a name.

We also met Ed Palmer
Out walking for his health,
He said that Eva O'Hearn
Had just acquired much wealth.

It seems she had invented
A real complex machine,
Which would tell to any person
His affinity and queen.

While waiting for the general show,
We wandered to a tent,
In which were advertised the twins,
Who aroused so much comment.

When they came out to do their stunts,
All in their jewels bedecked,
We gave a shout of wonder,
They were Merle and Merz Pecht.

When they discovered who we were,
They said that Amy Brown
Now did a tight-rope walking act;
Mark Bell was *still* a clown.

And also Vulah Greenlee
Had been hit by cupid's dart;
John Morgan was renowned
For his marvelous skill in art.

We went to the performance,
Which was a great affair,
And Carl came out to greet us
When he learned that we were there.

He asked about the folks at home,
And I soon told him all,
How first, that Helen Leuthner
Now ran a dancing hall.

Next that Edna Endly
Taught Latin, Greek, and French,
And that Charlie Stevenson
Had married Nelly Fensch.

THE ANNUAL

He asked about Don Willis,
And I was forced to say
That Don and Irene Krebs
Had eloped and run away.

However, Howard Harding
Was doing very well;
In fact he *did* most everyone
That in his pathway fell.

Of teachers in the schools
We could boast of quite a few,
'Stella Arras, Helen Webber,
And Ida Metcalf too.

Will Friend was head professor,
And lived in fancy style,
For Marie Evans had consented
To be his wife awhile.

Ruth Hursh and Hazle Lapham
Still lived within our town,
And led the best society
For many miles around.

That night I traveled further west,
And had no cause for fear,
For I found that Oscar Schaller
Was now the engineer.

He said that Vera Costard
Had gone to Tennessee,
Where she had become the founder
Of a new Y. W. C. A.

Rhea LaDow conducted
A large school in matrimony,
And because of her experience
Was making lots of money.

On reaching my destination
I stopped at Hotel Banner,
Of which I learned the owner
Was Miss Margaret Tanner.

She said that Bertie Armstrong
Was now a well trained nurse,
And that Raymond Lantz
Was driver on the hearse.

I learned that Russell Jelliff
Was playing good base ball,
While Reba Ackerman intended
To visit Europe in the fall.

THE ANNUAL

As a leading novel writer
She had won deserved success,
For her skill was made apparent
In our "Annual" M. H. S.

Going up to Salt Lake City
On my quite eventful journey,
I saw a sign which read
"Otto Patterson, Attorney."

I found him in his office,
He was cast down with remorse:
His wife, nee Mildred Morehouse
Had sued him for divorce.

He told me Herbert Ditwiler
Ran a Salt Lake Bowling Alley;
Helen Jennings was a Doctor
And lived in Utah Valley.

He had heard from Mary Ritchie,
Who owned a farm nearby,
And lived upon its profits,
Which by chance were very high.

Will Black was posting bills
In a western mining town;
Vance Judson was a preacher,
And used to tear them down.

I again took up my journey
For San Francisco town,
And there I chanced to meet
Nelle Meily and Helen Brown.

They had returned from Cuba,
No trip could have been finer,
For Jud Cox was the captain
Of their splendid Ocean Liner.

When I reached the best hotel
I hunted for the barber,
And was much surprised to find
That he was Samuel Garber.

He told me that James Carrigan
Was quite a wealthy banker;
Frank Cave was on a battleship
That had just come to anchor.

Pearl Barr and Mary Berry
Were touring through the west;
Lee Hoffman was a chauffeur
And was ranked among the best

THE ANNUAL

I called on Stanly Ozier
Now a mining engineer,
Who had gained a lot of fame
In the preceding year.

He said that Hazel Hammett
Had music on the brain,
And had but just escaped
From a place for the insane.

I asked about her trouble
And he told why she was there:
It seemed she'd lost her mind
O'er a school day love affair.

While taking a walk together
We passed a candy shop
Which belonged to 'Stella Weaver
So of course we had to stop.

She said that when a Senior
She ne'er was tired of candy,
So she went into the business
And could always have it handy.

I now came back to Cleveland,
Where Marie Kuebler stayed,
She led the best society
And was quite a handsome maid.

I called upon my schoolmate,
And in her chat she said
That the books of Helen Enos
Were now quite widely read.

And that Edith Ettinger
Had quite a reputation
As an Anti-saloon worker,
Along with Carrie Nation.

Edith Houstin spent her time
Selling rugs throughout the state:
Vernon Kern was on a railroad,
And was fireman on a freight.

As a pretty fortune teller
Agnes Jackson showed her wit,
Floy Campbell sang Grand Opera
And was making quite a hit.

As we walked along together
The fire bell broke the quiet,
An engine clattered past us,
An ambulance behind it.

THE ANNUAL

A block ahead we saw the flames
Roll up the smoke in clouds
Flats and many lives were doomed,
Horror seized the crowds.

Above, a cry for help arose,
A woman there was shouting;
Suddenly a fireman brave,
Was climbing up the spouting.

We held our breath in great suspense,
We knew the man, I guess—
For it was David Brucker,
Our chum of M. H. S.

Dave had reached the window,
Tied a rope upon the sill,
And crawled into the building,
The crowd was not quite still.

In a moment back he came,
The girl lay in his arm,
And down the rope he slid
And soon was safe from harm.

We joined the crowd in cheering,
But great was our surprise
To find Hazel McCormick
Was David's rescued prize.

The owner of the building
Was Hazel McIntyre,
And she came 'round to tell us
The reason for the fire.

Some High School Physic books
Had on the table sat,
And as they were so dry
They set fire to the flat.

In the crowd that had collected
I saw Helen Whissemore,
Who said that she was traveling
For a millinery store.

She told me Edith Leppo
Had joined a circus troupe,
And on her roller skates
Now did Loop-the Loop.

And that Ethel Heiser
Was stenographer at Court
While Delilah Berger owned
A new Summer Resort.

THE ANNUAL

And on my return to Mansfield,
In my evening news I read
That Miss Hattie Kalmerten
Was Salvation Army head.

It also said Frank Painter
Was football coach at Yale,
James Leonard was a Sheriff,
And had charge of County Jail.

And that Bertie Ackerman
Sold groceries as of yore;
Edna Swartz was clerking
In a large department store.

I read a letter from Bob,
Who told some additional news,
He said that Walter Oswalt
Had gone to shining shoes.

Also that Mary Dunham
Was writing popular songs;
J. Pittenger was a socialist,
And told of people's wrongs.

Howard MacDaniel was a pitcher,
And made others fan the air,
While Coleman Todd was known
As a clever poker player.

Lena Johnson was teaching school,
But never using the whip;
Walter Schlaegel was a traveling man,
And had married Hazel Hipp.

Nellie Rupert was engaged
To a New York millionaire,
And Nellie Frankelberger
Was a dresser of the hair.

As my mission was now ended,
I return to practice law,
And was glad I took the trip
On which my friends I saw.



THE ANNUAL



THE ANNUAL

JUNIOR OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT - - - CHARLES STECKER

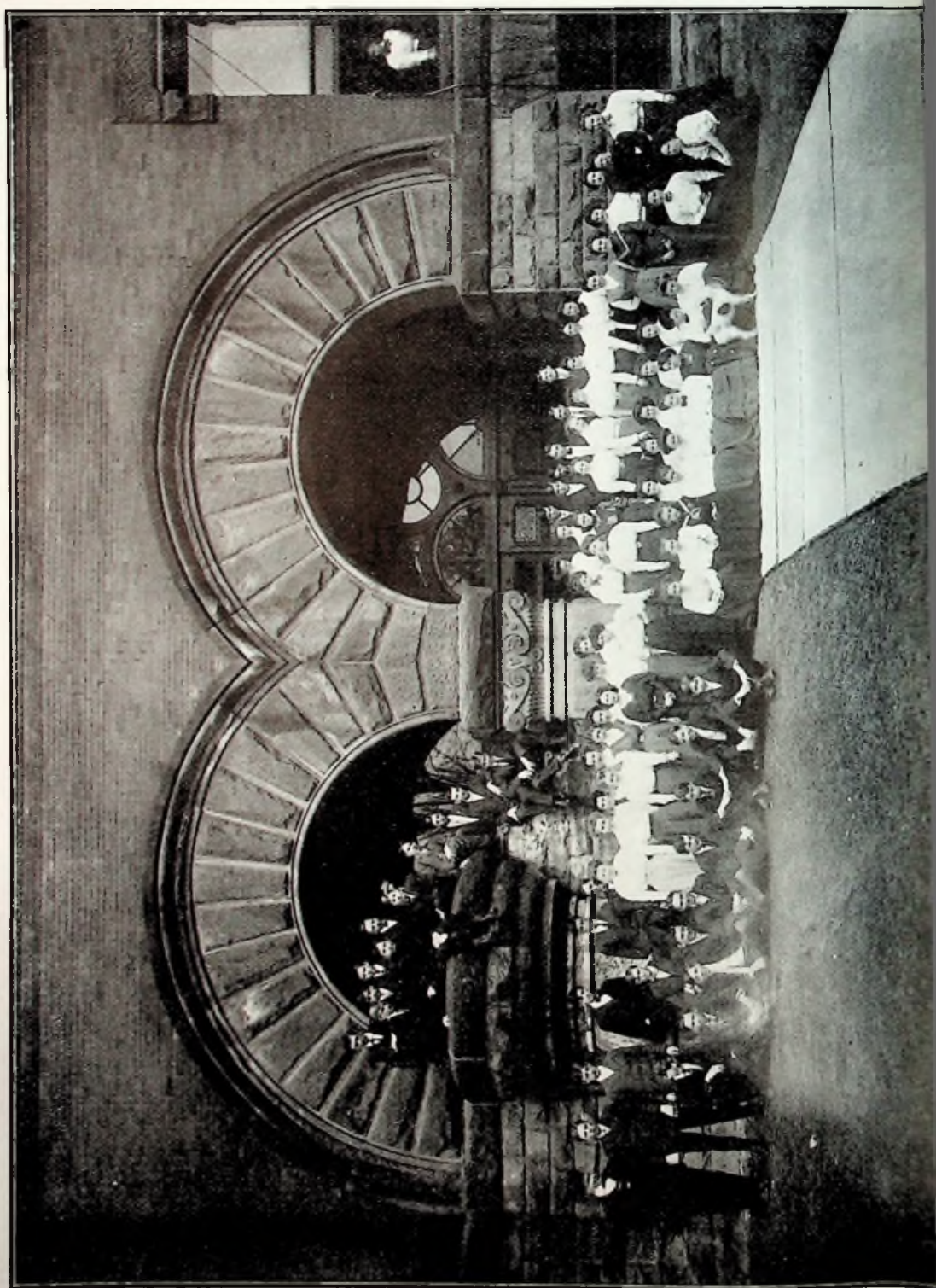
VICE PRESIDENT - - - PAUL FIEDLER

SECRETARY - - - REBEKAH McDANIEL

TREASURER - - - TOM SCOTT

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS - - JUDSON SUPER

CLASS COLORS—Green and Gold.



THE ANNUAL

JUNIOR CLASS ROLL

BeRtIE aPpLeMaN
NiTa BrAnSoN
InEz BlOChEr
EdNa BaUgHmAn
HeLeN bRuNk
RuTh BuRnEsOn
HeLeN cLine
HaZeL cAsHeL
Lols FiNnEy
PeArL fLoCkEn
SoPhIa FlOCkEnzleR
BeRtHa FrAnK
MaRy FrEdErIcK
RuTh GuEnThEr
KaThErInE IOoMiS
EtHeL IEpPo
AlBeRtInE IAnG
CoReLi ErDeNbeRgEr
AlBeRt FiEdLeR
RuSsEl HaRbAuGh
HoWaRd LeHmAn
JaMeS IEoNaRd
ClArEnCe MaRtIn
ByRoN mC cReAdY
JuDsOn SuPeR
ChAs. StEcKeR
EvErTt SiLcOtT
JaY sAuErBrEy
EaRl SchuLeR
RuSsEl UpSoN
FrAnK uNdErWoOd
GeOrGe BlECkEr
HaRrY hOIcDsTiNe
EaRl PoLIocK
ThOmAs ScOtT
OILiE mEiLeY
ReBeCcA mC dAnLeLs
ZaDa McCuRdY
ElNoRa RoBb
IvA sChAfEr
GoLdie ShRyRoCk
Lols TaPpAn
RaChEl TrAcY

THE ANNUAL

NeLlIe VaN aNtWeRp
RuTh WeBbEr
HaRrIeT nAiL
AdA aCkErMaN
MaRgArEt DaViDsOn
AnNa SuLzEr
PeArL bAkEr
EmMeTt CaSy
HaRoLd CrEvElInG
EmMeTt LaUtSbAuGh
JoHn MaSsA
ChArIeS MaRsHaLI
ArChIe NiXoN
CaRI OsWaLt
HeRmAn RoOp
MaRiOn RhOaDs
GuY sWoRd
ThOmAs WaLtErS
FrAnK yArGeR
AlIcE bArToN
ClArA cAlVeRt
RuTh GaDsBy
HeLeNa HaGeRtY
MaRy JoNeS
ErCiE IEwIs
MaRy McBeE
InEz McBeE
ChArLoTtE mOoRe
IvA mUrPhY
FaYe ReYnOlDs
HeLeN sTeEl
OlGa SchmIdT
IkEnA LiNdLeY
EmMa SchHnEiDeR
VeRniE vArLeY
EsThEr WiLcOx
LeO cOrBeTt
HaRoLd EdMoNdS
JoHn FrIbLeY
RoY gArDnEr
HaRoLd HeNrY
WaLtEr HaRbEsOn
RiO jUdSoN
PaUl FiEdLeR
ChAuNcEy GaTeS
NoRmAn StOoDt
JaMeS wEnDIlInG
JuD cOlWeLI

THE ANNUAL

JUNIOR POEM

O ! say, can you see with memory's eye
That September morning three autumns gone by,
When each of us rose, contrary to rule,
Several hours too early for the time set for school?

After eating my breakfast in feverish haste,
And blackening my shoes, and scrubbing my face,
I headed my footsteps toward Mansfield High School,
Firmly resolved to obey every rule.

The first few days we were swept along
In the current of a merry, jostling throng;
Trusting to chance, which is often unkind,
To conduct us to the class-room, which for us was assigned.

The sermons of the Principal only lent
Material for our still greater bewilderment.
Upper class-men took fiendish delight
In ridiculing us in our plight.

But the most conspicuous of all our cares
Was the necessity of descending those abominable stairs.
For our toes or our heels were sure to get caught,
And then ! O my ! Our awful lot.

But as days wore on, our verdure wore off,
And soon we became accustomed our hats to doff.
A year soon passed and a card we got
Stating, whether we were Sophomores, or not.

All passed too soon, our three months vacation,
Which was soon augmented by compulsory VACCINATION
But after the scare we were all much elated
By receiving the news, "You are reinstated."

As Sophomores we put on more airs;
And laughed at the Freshmen, who, tumbled down stairs.
Entirely forgetting those memorable days,
When all the rooms, to us, were an intricate maze.

Another September morning rolled around
And on the Mansfield streets it found
A smaller crowd, than that, which two years before,
First entered Mansfield High School's door.

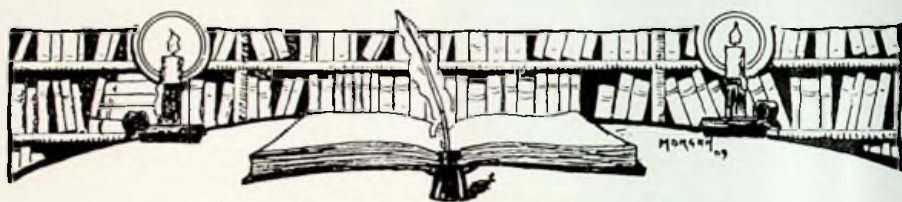
And, as we passed along the street,
Many strangers we did meet.
Were we then such "funny-faces ?"
Ah ! But circumstances alter cases.

Did not higher class-men, two years ago,
Sneer and tease and call us so ?
But alas ! Poor little girls and boys,
We will not mar your hopes and joys.

Our Junior year is almost past.
For many, next year will be the last.
And then we'll be launched upon careers
Which have been shaped by these school years.

RUSSELL HARBAUGH.

THE ANNUAL



HISTORY 1910

Honk ! Honk ! came down the line as the leader of the four autos started off. The two preceding ones followed smoothly and easily, while we, all jammed into the green auto, puffed along jerkily, unevenly, and bumping at every turn of the wheels; for this was the first trip our machine had made and we, the occupants, were unaccustomed to such travel.

Some even attempted to jump from the car while it was going, but in spite of all this commotion, we soon were settled more comfortably for our long look forward to journey, and were even traveling more smoothly. For a while we found it impossible to keep on the main thorough-fare and were constantly getting lost on the by-roads, at which other cars were greatly amused, but in spite of all the jeers and taunts we kept boldly on.

The number of our auto was "1910," although some insisted it should be higher.

Later when we were just getting on to the swing, a terrific storm burst upon us known as examinations. We immediately put on extra pressure so that we might at least reach the passing grade before its fury had entirely enveloped us.

But soon our guide (Mr. Hall), who was traveling ahead in his private car, called back that we had reached our destination. At this glad news there was many a sigh of relief as we piled out of our dingy, broken-down car to leave it forever.

The next journey was not so tedious as the previous one had been, for we traveled along uneventfully, even taking in some of the scenery and enjoying it at times.

We were soon on our third journey next to the "1909" car. But we had very little time to inflate our tires as, almost all the Junior cars have been accused

THE ANNUAL

of doing even to the bursting point. For we had many hills to climb and bridges to cross, which many insisted on crossing before reaching, and many rough roads to plough through. For instance, Hill Cicero seemed so very steep and dangerous that some becoming faint-hearted and light headed, preferred to reach the top on ponies, these equestrian trips having been made before up the Latin Heights. We might have had a serious break-down, had it not been for the timely assistance of a kindly-faced, gentle-toned "Miller." Geometrical problems frequently punctured our tires and our progress was so slow along the German and French Roads, that it was suggested we might have sand in the gear box.

As we gazed at the "1909" car which seemed to have surmounted all obstacles and to have made all precipitous places in safety, we became envious at the facility with which they sped along.

Toward the latter part of our third journey along the Educational Road, we stopped at a restful way-side inn, where we invited those in "1909" auto to stop as our guests.

By this diversion we were enlivened and enheartened to go on the remainder of our journey, even though we heard the rumbling of the distant storm (examinations.)

ELLEN MCLEAN.



THE ANNUAL



After long and anxious waiting, the time for the Junior, Senior Reception finally arrived, but the Seniors were amply rewarded for their wait, by the magnificence of the affair.

On entering the main hall the guests were welcomed by the receiving committee, and the cordial hand shake given them made them feel immediately at home. Besides the committee, Mr. Hall and various members of the faculty welcomed the visitors and escorted them to the auditorium which under the skillful hands of the decorators presented a most pleasing appearance. The ceiling was festooned with bunting of green and gold, the Junior class colors, and the front adorned with pennants.

The lights cast a mellow glow over the entire room and the soft strains of the orchestra gave the visitors a feeling of pleasant anticipation.

The attractive programs of green and gold, which had been presented at the door, announced that the evening entertainment would be a representation of Oliver Goldsmiths five act comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer."

Rebekah MacDaniel gave a most realistic portrayal of Mr. Hardcastles beautiful daughter, Kate, and Judd Colwell as young Marlow, her lover, played the part in a manner that showed a careful study and much natural talent.

Ruth Guenther, as Constance Neville, and Russell Upson, as Hastings, Young Marlows friend and suitor for the hand of Constance, showed a thorough understanding of the parts and acquitted themselves with much credit.

George Blecker, as Tony Lumpkin, brought shrieks of mirth from the delighted audience, and proved himself a comedian of no small ability.

Judson Super and Ruth Gadsby as Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle played the part of the old folks well. Harriet Nail took the part of the maid, and Earl Schuler played in turn the parts of Sir Marlow, Stingo, and the servant; Tom Scott, Rio Judson, and Earl Pollock impersonated the parts of the inn loafers.

The entire cast seemed to grasp the meaning of the author and it was certainly an "All Star" company.

As the curtain fell at the close of the last act, Mr. Helter made a few choice remarks, in which he complimented the players, in particular, and the Junior Class

THE ANNUAL

in general, and assured Miss Swaim of the audience's appreciation of her effort in coaching the players.

Charles Stecker, president, next made a neat and witty speech welcoming all in behalf of the receiving class, and invited Mr. Helter, followed by the Board and Faculty to lead the way to the Banquet hall.

This room with its decorations of green and gold, the numerous electric lights with dainty shades of the same color, the beautifully appointed center table with its candles and silver, and the exquisite gowns of the "dreams," made a most attractive scene, and one that will long be remembered by those fortunate enough to be present.

A delicious buffet luncheon was served by the Junior boys, of which all partook heartily. The favors were complimentary to the Seniors, being a unique copy of their class pin in black and gold.

After luncheon the guests wandered over the building, and the fellows lucky enough to possess that great prize a "steady" sought out the alluring cozy corners and punch bowls; for a quiet little half hour in the transformed basket ball room.

Others found enjoyment around the piano in the auditorium where class songs and rag times made the halls ring.

The Board, Faculty and students mingled together, talking and chatting and, all in all, the evening was one of unalloyed pleasure. On all sides were heard complimentary remarks for the Juniors as entertainers.

But even this could not last forever and as some glanced at their watches the pianist struck up the popular air "Your in the Right Church but in the Wrong Pew," and with many good wishes and congratulations to the Juniors the company departed.



THE ANNUAL

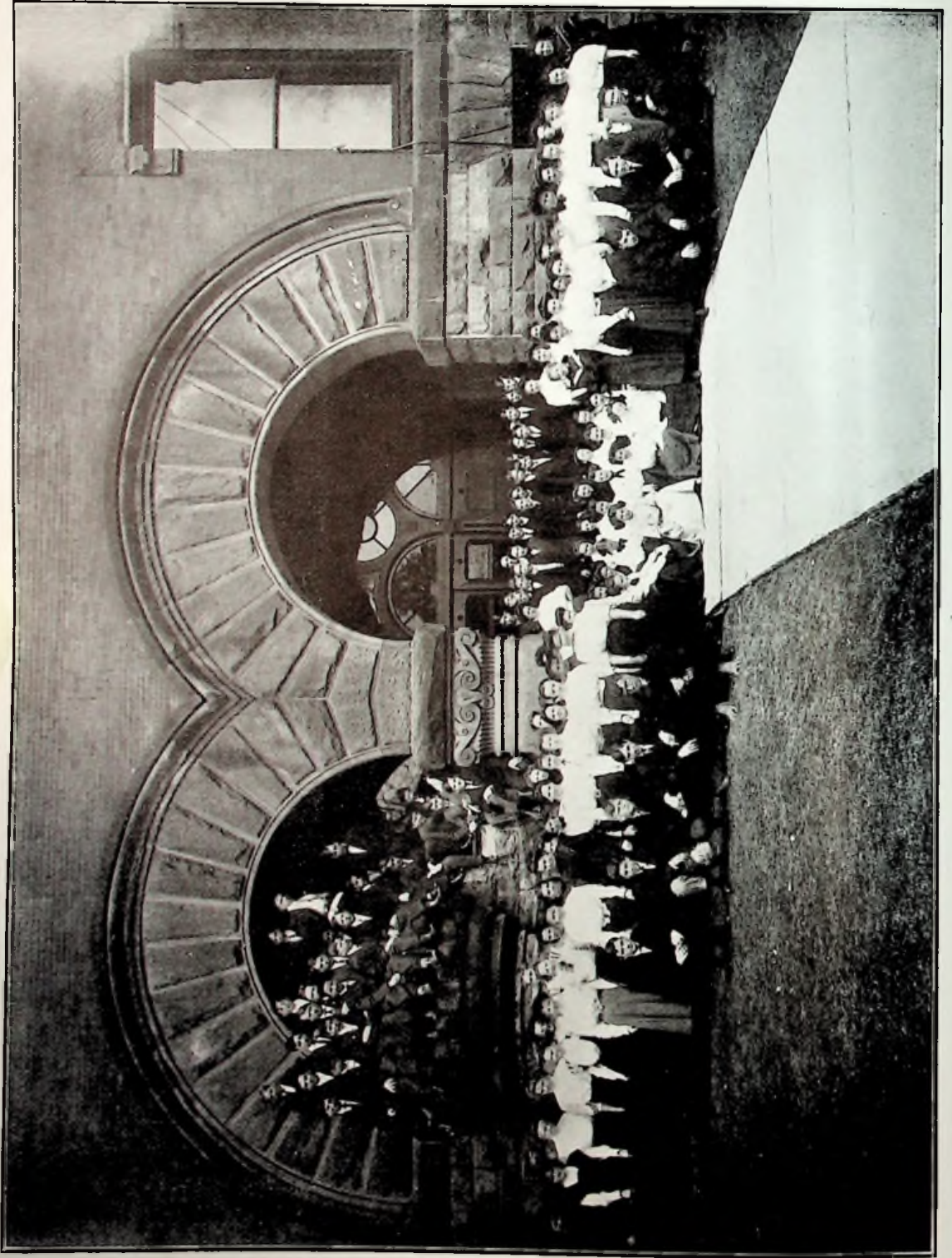


THE ANNUAL

OFFICERS OF SOPHOMORE CLASS.

PRESIDENT	-	-	-	EDWIN OBERLIN
VICE PRESIDENT	-	-	-	CLARK CHARLES
SECRETARY	-	-	-	HELEN GIFFORD
TREASURER	-	-	-	HELEN EICHELBERGER
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS	-	-	-	ALBERT SCHAD

CLASS COLORS—Mottled Green.



SOPHOMORE CLASS.

THE ANNUAL

SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL

marguerite Bricker
emma Brumenschenkel
helen Eichelberger
edna Emmer
iva Griffith
nell Gressinger
estella Hester
fannie Heifner
helen Krohn
ruth Miller
maguerite McClelland
sadie Netting
mary Old
anna Remy
zelda Shatzer
claribel Stoodt
martha Sheriff
ethel Seaman
lucille Upson
myrtle Van Antwert
hazel Biebar
dolly McClellan
russel Bissman
david Boals
jay Ferree
homer Fox
harold Grandon
cloyd Helter
roy Hall
richard McClure
edwin Oberlin
clinton Painter
carl Schmucker
paul Shafer
dio Shaw
jay Thuma
carl Henry

THE ANNUAL

winifred Angle
esther Barton
ina DeHart
gladys Downing
evelyn Ferguson
helen Gifford
hazel Hawk
louisa Haag
helen King
carrie Ludwig
ruth L'Ameraux
viola Miller
kathleen McClane
marguerite Mulvihill
alma Parrish
climmie Painter
helen Redding
louise Schneider
ethel Leybold
lybilla Untiet
elstatia Clark
ruth Kookan
geo. Biddle
ralph Beck
robt. Carrigan
leonard Coulter
lawerence Hughes
wilber Hegnauer
karl Hering
alva Hecht
ray Kline
edward Longsdorf
howard Meyer
dick Porch
edward Richard
cecil Samsal
howard Sword
edward Underwood
geo. Weisbarth
clarance Wolf
bert Weirman
anna Boyd
clara Balliet
madge Gorman
eolis Greenlee
ruth Hale

THE ANNUAL

alice Henry
mary Irwin
grace Kern
helen Lemon
martha Leech
naomi Long
frances Loomis
marie Melching
rhea Martin
mabel Milas
alice Miller
helen Miller
marian Rowland
mary Stull
freda Schafer
edna Lauer
abbie Showers
belle Switzer
mary Waring
pearl Weimar
homer Au
robt. Bushnell
clark Charles
byron Crider
herbert Carter
glenn Enlow
george Leonard
douglas Miller
earl O'Brein
ward Prinkey
henry Rigby
albert Schad
clarence Schill
carl Stander
leroy Willis
harry Reynolds
ralph Rust
fred Wilson
lowell Irwin
e Runyan

THE ANNUAL



As great streams from tiny sources flow, and great things from small beginnings grow, so has our class grown from the Freshmen Class.

We took our stand as strong and ambitious Freshmen, for we knew full well that the Freshmen Class forms the foundation for the future success of the High School. As the Freshmen is, so will the Graduate be.

We took our stand as a class one hundred and eighty in number. Of these one hundred and fifty continued the struggle and were so victorious as to be this year swelling the ranks of the Sophomores. We have never met socially as an entire class, yet each one seems to be having his full share of social life. We have never had but one class meeting so far this year and that was for the purpose of organizing, but we are obtaining plenty of parliamentary practice in our Parliamentary Law Classes.

As a class we have been very interested in Athletics, some of our members being actively engaged in them.

This is only a part of our history. Among the members of our class are those who will some day become the makers of history, but they would not relish it to have the full story of their future days told at *present*.

NAOMIA LONG.



THE ANNUAL

SOPHOMORE POEM

It was an ancient Senior
And he stopped a group of three,
A Junior and a Sophomore
And a Freshman green, you see.

His head was big with learning
His hat was number eight
"Alas my friends, I've got it all
For learning you're too late.

I've gobbled up the Latin
My belt is full of Greek;
My face is full of Rhetoric
My brain doth fairly leak.

Hand in your resignations,
Go forth and learn a trade:
There is no learning left for you
With the corner I have made."

Then up there spoke the Junior,
"Alas and then alack:
I wondered why through all these terms,
My forward course was back."

And then piped up the Freshie,
"Te he! Te he! Te he!
If you've copped all the learning
There'll be no work left for me."

But the Sophomore with good judgement
Just hit him on the head,
For he knew there was no truth
In what the Freshie said.

HELEN EICHELBERGER '11.



THE ANNUAL



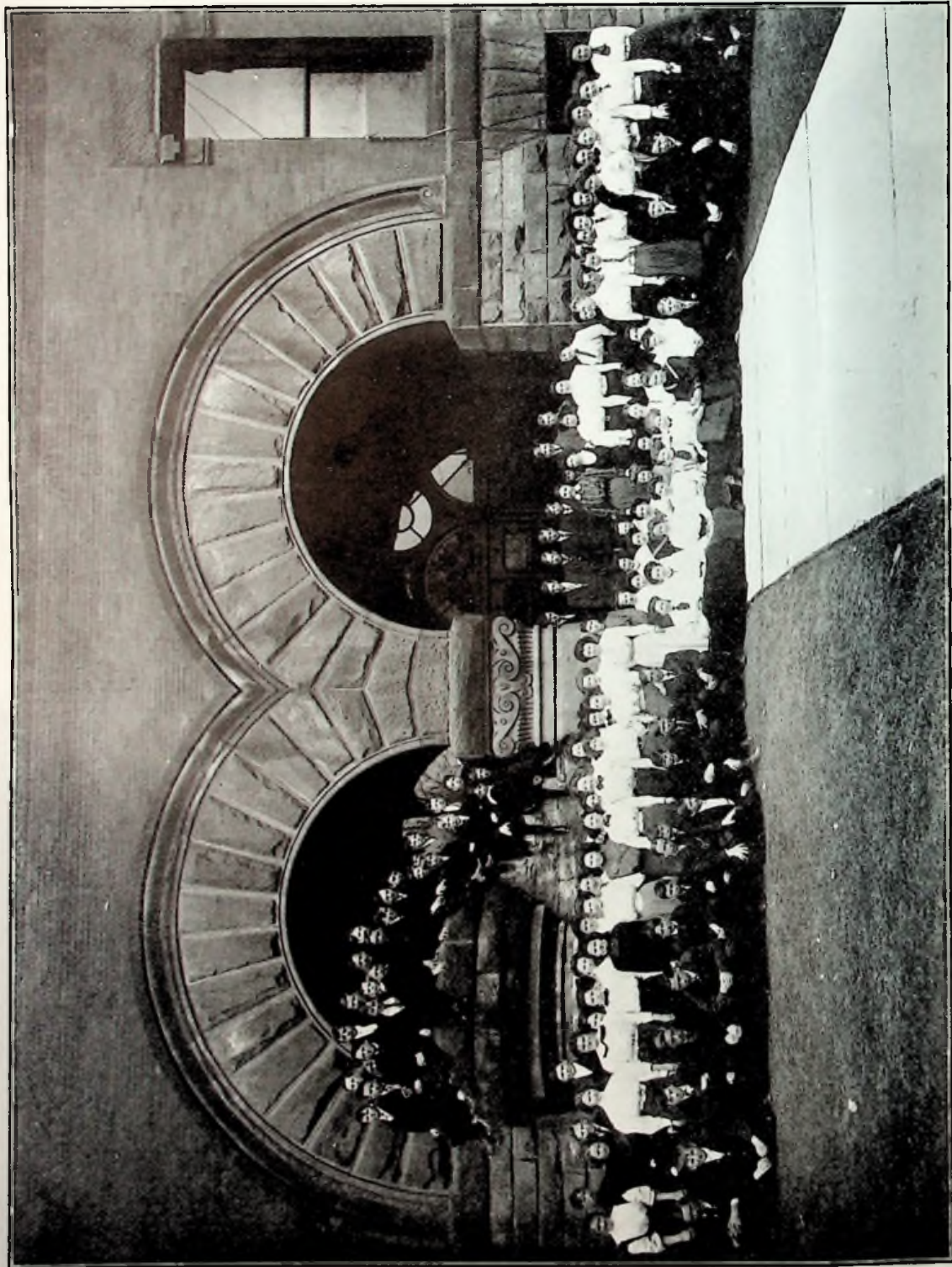
THE ANNUAL

FRESHMAN OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT - - - GREENEST OF THEM ALL
VICE PRESIDENT - - - NEXT GREENEST
SECRETARY - ONE WHO PRINTS ON HIS SLATE
TREASURER - ONE WHO COUNTS THE PENNIES
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS ONE WITH THE CHUBBIEST FIST

COLORS—A tender Lettuce Green and Liver White.

YELL—"Ma."



FRESHMAN CLASS

THE ANNUAL

FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL

ruthie ackerman
mary au
myrtie boey
dottie bushnell
helenie baird
marianie bloom
gladie bectel
hazie bailey
margueritie cairns
essie cronwett
marie cochran
ednie casey
dorphy ditwiler
marie dorian
georgie edwards
ruthie elliot
marie ellsworth
allie eiswald
allenie foss
adie griesinger
margy glover
chloie gresmer
ethie giesman
marjie gorham
kathie hosler
marie hostetter
flossie hart
helenie herring
bessie hartman
carrie hartman
ednie henry
idie herr
minnie houston
edna hawkins
larenie jacobs
ednie lindsey
mabie lantz
ruthie loeb
evie laird
kathie martin

THE ANNUAL

evie miller
millie meyer
celilie miller
marie marks
lenie marquis
blanchie marmet
tinie mulvihill
essie motter
jeanie miller
nomie mcphern
martie mckenney
eldie mcfarland
mary mc connell
rebie norris
glennie nayler
ettie newlon
katie nagle
annie ashburn
idie richard
helen snitzer
mary swain
mary scrack
telmie shaw
martie swigart
nellie pollock
verdie swendal
therzie stevenson
allie smith
faie stecker
resie wappner
ruthie willson
eddie wagner
willie bowers
willie beattle
haroldie bloor
leorie baker
billie barclen
ernie brunk
brucie cunningham
charlie clifford
donnie cupp
clinie copeland
bertie cameron
artie culleton
harlie chessrown
dickie davies
adam erdenberger
leoie ellsworth
clatie ettinger
ruthie laird

THE ANNUAL

clariencie fike
martie frank
georgie fox
herschy frasher
harrie gifford
jonnie grabler
orie hagerman
jean hagerty
hardy harbaugh
raidy horn
jimmie harris
charlie harris
arttie hartupee
boydie hicks
charlie herschey
ernie hannan
waltie johnson
sydie judson
harlie koon
carlie kahl
charlie kirkwood
rayie kissane
bobbie keffer
freddie kelly
ally lawerence
carlie laubscher
glennie lapham
rayie molter
ray oswalt
raie painter
georgie pfiefer
willie pierce
phillie rizzo
dwightie smith
billie springer
rayie samsel
artie swisher
redie stevens
sammie schwier
carlie schivearinger
jackie tuttle
clarie tickner
allie tappan
oldie umbarger
waltie wagner
menie weil
ermie wolf
boyde weaver
e. marcy marks
entzie mckalans

THE ANNUAL



HISTORY OF FRESHMAN CLASS.

We, the most important class of the High School, started to High School one bright morning, the 8th day of September. The day before this a few of the Freshmen, or rather a few of the girls, had congregated at a certain house to decide on the momentous question, of whether or no, they should first appear at M. H. S. in a hat. So, having decided in favor of this, they started out with slickly brushed hair, and stiffly starched dresses. The boys were also immaculate, with brightly polished shoes, and in many cases, wearing for the first time, with a smile of satisfaction, long trousers.

Well, at exactly ten minutes past eight, the time we always started to the grammar schools, we started for the dreaded High School, but when we saw that mass of yelling students congregated in front of it, we held our breathe in fear and waited, well, it seemed hours but was in reality only fifteen minutes, until they had passed into the building and we could make our entrance in safety. We then wrote the course we were planning to take and left to purchase our books.

The second day we were to make our roster cards, and, after several hours had slowly passed, we completed them at last.

The few succeeding days of the week were spent in finding our way to our different, and it seemed to us, numerous rooms. Of course, as generally happens, most of us got lost, and, upon asking an upper-classman the way, were directed wrong and then laughed at, but this is simply the making of a Freshman.

Later, as we became more accustomed to the long halls, small cloak-rooms, and immense study rooms, we would strut about after the fashion of a small boy who has just learned his A, B, C's. and insists upon spreading his knowledge abroad.

After we were settled, and were having our recitations regularly, we could study the ways of the upper-classmen. We also learned not to jump when the signal rang, and not to glance up at each person entering or leaving the room.

If we chanced to meet any of the *children*, who were still occupying a place in the grammar grades, we would talk very mysteriously of Latin, Algebra, and other high-sounding Freshman studies and would be repaid by a look of awe as we hurried by.

Our next business was to get acquainted with the teachers, a few of whom we already knew, and liked.

Then, after a short time, came our "Exams," and many of us "Flunked," as is the usual thing for Freshmen, but it is probable that by the next exam our eyes will be opened, and we will pass into our Sophomore year, and at last, instead of being ridiculed, be respected.

MARJORY GLOVER '12

FRESHMAN POEM

They don't know how much they'd miss us,
Small and worthless though we seem
We can make the others hustle,
Though we know that we are green!
Sophomores! the bigheaded people!
Mercy! don't we think they're mean?
Getting silly jokes on Freshmen,
Must think we don't know we're green!
Juniors are not quite so worthless
But they think they're just the cream;
Sometimes they are good to Freshmen,
Yet, think we don't know we're green
Seniors wear such solemn faces,
Don't remember they were seen
As small little frightened Freshmen
Who knew that they were green!
Next year we will be the Sophomores,
But you bet we'll not be mean;
We will sorrow for the Freshmen
Who know that they are green!.





FAMILIAR FACES.

THE ANNUAL



THE ANNUAL



HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI



"Opportunity knocks at every one's door but once." The many colleges of our country are showing in what way a large majority of our high school students have taken advantage of this opportunity.

Does it not sound encouraging to hear that fifty-seven per cent of last year's class have entered college?

The problem of education has become more complex in late years; due to the increase in population and demands of our ever growing industries. Along with this, the standard of instruction has been raised in secondary schools in order to meet the more severe requirements of our colleges.

In this respect M. H. S. has fully met the demands made upon it and our Alumni are represented in nearly forty of the best schools in our country.

During the last few months we have received many letters from some of our last year's graduates. Of course each one speaks very highly of his own particular school but all extend a welcome hand.

Marie Pickering, now attending Oberlin, tells us that Oberlin Conservatory ranks higher than Boston school for music, and asks why people go far away when they can get better, or just as good, near home.

Ohio State is probably the best represented by our High School graduates, as almost twenty-five are now there. Earl Bushnell tells of their foot ball success in this past season and interest taken in that line of athletics. The physical equipment of O. S. U., Earl Terman and Roy Spetka think is worthy of special mention, as two years of military training is required of all boys before graduation and in general is disliked by all. Still another representative, Harry Lynch was elated over the fact that the Freshmen won this year in the annual Cane rush. The worst results were only torn clothes and shoes.

One of our representatives at Wooster, Pearl Remy, says "Wooster's requirements for entrance are considered high, so perhaps it will be gratifying to know that M. H. S. ranks high in the estimation of the professors here."

Maude Walker, now attending Muskingum writes that each student there is put on her honor, and even during examinations they are left without a leader. It is the duty of each student to report cheating. The offenders are tried before a council.

The cordiality with which all new students are received at Miami impressed Virginia Stark more than anything else.

Now we of M. H. S. must be up and doing for we have this good representation to keep up. These few points also show what our alumni are now doing and the good times they are having along with the hard work. Let the class of '09 send a still larger representation than that which we are proud to claim at the present time.

THE ANNUAL

GRADUATES

1862

Mary Emminger (Mrs. Dr. Warner), Columbus, Ohio
Amanda Rowland (Mrs. Shellenbarger), Fayetteville, Ark.
Amanda Painter, (Mrs. Dr. Caldwell), Chicago, Illinois
Sarah Pierce (Mrs. Coomber), Delaware, Ohio

1864

Jacob Hade, Toledo, Ohio
*Oscar W. Billings
John Zimmerman, Chicago, Illinois
Sue Shellenbarger (Mrs. Susan Berkimer,) Humboldt, Iowa
Almira Twitchell, Mansfield, Ohio
Laura Rowland (Mrs. Wm. Miner), Mansfield, Ohio
Frank Jameson, Mansfield, Ohio
Dosia R. Morris (Mrs. Wesley Myers), Toledo, Ohio

1865

*Newell Albright, Wellington, Ohio
Esther Booth, (Mrs. Barkuloo), Hutchinson, Minnesota
Zurviah Case (Mrs. Roberts), Mansfield, Ohio
Fanny Dickerson (Mrs. Bergen), Cambridge, Mass.

1866

*Neil N. Leyman, Mansfield, Ohio
John Courtney, Cleveland, Ohio
Allen Emminger, Columbus, Ohio
Charles Fay, Wyoming, Ohio
Mary Constance (Mrs. Teachout), Cohoes, New York
Amy Twitchell (Mrs. A. C. Houghton), Tyron, N. Carolina

1867

James Cobean, Richmond, Virginia
Amelia Penn (Mrs. Steele), Mansfield, Ohio
Anna Scattergood, Mansfield, Ohio
Ada Todd (Mrs. Addie Hedges), Mansfield, Ohio
*Clara Smith
*Hattie Todd (Mrs. Moses Dickey), Roanoke, Virginia
*Lottie Burr (Mrs. Gray)

THE ANNUAL

1868

Anna Loughridge, Mansfield, Ohio
Mary Nixon (Mrs. Colby), Toulon, Illinois

1869

*Olive S. L. Anderson
Maggie Lawson (Mrs. Snyder), Mansfield, Ohio
Matilda M. Snyder, Mansfield, Ohio
*Horace Booth
*Cyrus Painter
*Eliza Daugherty (Mrs. Lasly)

1870

George Brinkerhoff, Mansfield, Ohio
Arthur Jennings, Mansfield, Ohio
*James Pleasants, Mansfield, Ohio
Arthur Redrup, Mansfield, Ohio
Rosa Hiltabidle (Mrs. Hahn), Mansfield, Ohio
Alfred Carpenter, Cleveland, Ohio

1871

Jerry Burns, Mansfield, Ohio
Herbert DeCamp, Chicago, Illinois
John Y. Glessner, Cleveland, Ohio
Will P. Sturges, Cleveland, Ohio
Mary L. Beale, Mansfield, Ohio
Emma Huffman (Mrs. Hanna), Logansport, Indiana
Mary Twitchell (Mrs. Squire), Defiance, Ohio
*Hattie Parsons (Mrs. Abbott), Mansfield, Ohio
Esther Hyde, Seattle, Washington

1872

Susie Beale, Mansfield, Ohio
Charles Snyder, Mansfield, Ohio
*John McClellan, Mansfield, Ohio
Jeff M. Myers, Grafton, N. Dakota
Will Shull, Columbus, Ohio
Jennie Laird (Mrs. Statler), Mansfield, Ohio
Mary Foulk (Mrs. Jeff Myers), Grafton, N. Dakota
Mary C. Dougherty, Mansfield, Ohio
Ella Fay (Mrs. E. M. Hargett), Crab Orchard, Tennessee
*Eliza Peritte (Mrs. Todd)

1873

Robert Brinkerhoff, New York City
Lizzie Reed (Mrs. Bell), Ft. Wayne, Indiana
Nettie McCullough, (Mrs. McKnight), Norwalk, Ohio
Emma Loughridge, Minneapolis, Minnesota

THE ANNUAL

Alice Wise (Mrs. Gadsby), Mansfield, Ohio
*Carrie Smith (Mrs. Dr. King)
Jennie D. P. Case (Mrs. Downend), Mansfield, Ohio
*Anna Hedrick, Mansfield, Ohio
Rebecca Ritchie, Mansfield, Ohio
Fannie Galbraith, Manti, Colorado.

1874

*Melissa Barr, Mansfield, Ohio
Walter Booth, Lima, Ohio
Kate Case (Mrs. Helt), Mansfield, Ohio
Florence Case (Mrs. Chas. Harding), Mansfield, Ohio
Howard Dirlam, Mansfield, Ohio
*Anna Fickle
Lina Fink, N. Sheffield, Ohio
Effie O. Hildreth (Mrs. Pardee), Akron, Ohio
Mary Hyde, Seattle, Washington
Emma Erwin (Mrs. Allen) Mansfield, Ohio
*Mary Lawson (Mrs. Painter), Mansfield, Ohio
Ella Lind (Mrs. Chas. D. Elliott, Harlanton, Montana
*Albert McIlvaine, Mansfield, Ohio
Jennie McLaughlin, Mansfield, Ohio
Almeda Runyan (Mrs. Parsons), Mansfield, Ohio
Carrie Day (Mrs. Clark), Mansfield, Ohio
Rose Dougherty (Mrs. R. Fitch), Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
Anna Dull (Mrs. E. Webster), Lincoln, Nebraska

1875

B. Lee Bevington, Chicago, Illinois
*Martin Bevington, Washington, D. C.
Bertha Ludlum (Mrs. Dickerson), Columbus, Ohio
Ada Courtney (Mrs. Marriott), Mansfield, Ohio
Frank Grove, Mansfield, Ohio
Mary Laird, Mansfield, Ohio
Will Loughridge, Mansfield, Ohio
Mary Trimble, Mansfield, Ohio
Lizzie Loughridge (Mrs. Dr. Harvey), Colfax, Washington
*John Carpenter
Joanna D. Condict (Mrs. Frank Carpenter), Washington, D. C.
Henry R. Ritchie, Minneapolis, Minnesota
Adeline Smith, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Orrie Smith, (Mrs. B. P. Bell), Brooklyn, New York

1876

*Ida Barr
Anna Bloor, (Mrs. C. W. Savage), Omaha, Nebraska
*Minnie Brinkerhoff

THE ANNUAL

*Mollie Geeseman

Nellie Holeywell, (Mrs. Cahill), Mansfield, Ohio

*Celia Grosvenor

Louise Rissler (Mrs. Frank Remy), Mansfield, Ohio

Carrie Reynolds, St. Louis, Missouri

Jessie Lockwood (Mrs. Geo. Brinkerhoff), Mansfield, Ohio

Anna M. Smith, Mansfield, Ohio

Anna Hoffman, Mansfield, Ohio

Anna Mary Smith (Mrs. Bryan), Seattle Washington

Martha Trimble, Mansfield, Ohio

*Alice Wilkinson

Kate Holbrook (Mrs. Kelsey), Newport, Kentucky

*Arthur Chandler

Herbert Dickerson, Mansfield Ohio

Harry Davis, Mansfield, Ohio

1877

Ella Askew, Shebly, Ohio

Emma Fickle, Gallipolis, Ohio

Dora Grosvenor (Mrs. Dr. Hyde), Mansfield, Ohio

Bell Zimmerman, Washington, D. C.

Lida Zimmerman, Washington, D. C.

Ernest Blecker, Mansfield, Ohio

*Eugene Carpenter, Columbus, Ohio

Chas. F. Harding, Mansfield, Ohio

Arthur Rigby, Mansfield, Ohio

1878

*Lizzie Aberle, Mansfield, Ohio

Helen Adams, Chicago, Illinois

Lizzie Carpenter (Mrs. Dr. Finley), Mansfield, Ohio

Septimus Craighead

*Josie Hampshire (Mrs. Albert Remy)

Ada E. Carpenter (Mrs. L. L. Harmon), Bakersfield, California

*Clara Allen (Mrs. Howlett) Berlin Heights, Ohio

*Lillie Moore (Mrs. Hoop), Avoca, Iowa

Mollie Mowry (Mrs. Porter), New York

Annetta McElroy (Mrs. Olin), Bellville, Ohio

Jessie McIlvaine, Mansfield, Ohio

Ada Niman (Mrs. Geo. Strock), Mansfield, Ohio

Anna Wright (Mrs. Franklin), Newark, Ohio

Cora Mason (Mrs. Geo. Weatherby), Detroit, Michigan

Anna Proctor, Mansfield, Ohio

Carrie Morrow (Mrs. Wherry), Mansfield, Ohio

Willis Young, Seattle, Washington

THE ANNUAL

1879

Mary Aberle, Mansfield, Ohio
Abbie Beale (Mrs. Pontius), Minneapolis, Minnesota
Thomas Bloor, Mansfield, Ohio
Barney Burns, Mansfield, Ohio
*Anna Chandler, Bucyrus, Ohio
Lillian Hildreth, Cleveland, Ohio
*Edgar Pleasants, Rolling Forks, Mississippi
Agnes Lawson, (Mrs. Latimer), Chicago, Illinois
Minnie Mason (Mrs. E. S. Nail), Mansfield, Ohio
Anna McGuire (Mrs. Chas. Voegelé), Mansfield, Ohio
Mary Runyon, Mansfield, Ohio
Jennie Livelsberger (Mrs. Cramer), Camden, New Jersey
*Nettie Remy (Mrs. John Angle), Mansfield, Ohio
Clara Shunk (Mrs. Cave), Mansfield, Ohio
Addie Wiley, New York City

1880

Anna Adams (Mrs. Whittle), Chicago, Illinois
*Ella Blair
Jesse F. Corts (Mrs. Cook), Cleveland, Ohio
Marion Cline, Mansfield, Ohio
Hayden Cline, Toledo, Ohio
Lillie Laughlin (Mrs. Clark), N. Baltimore, Ohio
Millie Myers, Chicago, Illinois
Charles Niman, Mansfield, Ohio
Ida Rissler (Mrs. Willis Harbeson), Mansfield, Ohio

1881

Joe Campbell, Yuma, Colorado
Nettie Carpenter (Mrs. C. S. Tandy), Vevay, Indiana
Ella Hiltabidle (Mrs. Etzwiler), Mansfield
Mary Lersch (Mrs. Wm. Funk), Pine Castle, Florida
Adda Meily (Mrs. McNeice), Mansfield, Ohio
Minnie Scott, Mansfield, Ohio
Lillie Wise, Mansfield, Ohio
*Harry Courtney
Caroline M. Lampert, Mansfield, Ohio
Will McElroy, Helena, Montana
Susie Dickey (Mrs. Wm. Mason), Cleveland, Ohio
*Viola O. Pleasants (Mrs. Wm. Rudd), Tacoma, Washington
Charles H. Sergel, Chicago, Illinois
*Maggie Niman

1882

*Frank M. Au
*Clement Dougherty

THE ANNUAL

Will Fitch, Pueblo, Colorado
Chas. Hildreth, Cleveland, Ohio
Lola Au, New York City
Emma Britch (Mrs. Bamber), Mansfield, Ohio
Carrie Cole (Mrs. Wm. Dice), Mansfield, Ohio
Maggie Craig (Mrs. Dr. Hedges), Mansfield, Ohio
Clara Grosvenor (Mrs. Rohrer), Shelby, Ohio
Hattie Haynes, Mansfield, Ohio
Rena Hiltabie (Mrs. Hines), Mansfield, Ohio
Florence Ingersoll (Mrs. C. C. Larrabee), Mansfield, Ohio
John R. Hedges, Galveston, Texas
Gertie Leonard, Washington, D. C.
Mary B. Simpson (Mrs. E. D. Baxter), Mansfield, Ohio
Emma Voegle (Mrs. W. A. Remy), Mansfield, Ohio
Adda Lightcap (Mrs. Kennedy), Macon, Georgia
Effie Venum, (Mrs. John Hedges), Galveston, Texas

1883

Roeliff Brinkeroff, Mansfield, Ohio
Albert Oster, Columbus, Ohio
Julia Bauer, Mansfield, Ohio
Sarah Bauer, San Francisco, California
Katie Smith (Mrs. M. J. Carney), Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Alma Schrack (Mrs. Carney), Chicago, Illinois
Purdy Sturges, Brooklyn, New York
Albert Shunk, Mansfield, Ohio
Hattie Harris (Mrs. J. E. Ryan), Seattle, Washington
Amelia Remy, Mansfield, Ohio
Cora North, Oberlin, Ohio
*Mae Weldon (Mrs E. W. Gans), Mansfield, Ohio
Edna Roseberry (Mrs. Wallace Grenemyre) Colorado Springs.
Adelia Hostetter, Mansfield, Ohio
Abbie Cline (Mrs. M. McFarland), Mansfield, Ohio
Alvina Coul (Mrs. Tullis), Mansfield, Ohio
Bertha Ruess, Mansfield, Ohio
Lizzie Endly, Mansfield, Ohio
Minnie Hedges (Mrs. Finley), Cleveland, Ohio
Hattie Stone (Mrs. McCoy), Seville, Ohio
Augusta Troll (Mrs. Fletter), Alameda, California

1884

John M. Bloor, Muncie, Indiana
Ernest Douglass, Boston, Massachusetts.
*Ozella Harrington
Etta McGuire, Chicago, Illinois
Addie Carroll (Mrs. Smith), Mansfield, O
Jennie Hall (Mrs. Payne), Mansfield, Ohio

THE ANNUAL

Fannie Douglas, Mansfield, Ohio

Clada Pleasants, Mansfield, Ohio

*Belle George

Jessie Ritz (Mrs. R. Humphrys), Mansfield, Ohio

Lida Scott (Mrs. Tom Barnes), Mansfield, Ohio

Augusta Nunmaker (Mrs. Neal), Mansfield, Ohio

Nettie Eggert [Mrs. W. T. Fulton], Dallas, Texas

Jessie Mamber [Mrs. L. Grabler], Cleveland, Ohio

Minnie McCray, Mansfield, Ohio

1885

Maude Crable [Mrs. Ira Finrock], Mansfield, Ohio

Anna Buzzard [Mrs. W. G. Hormell], Delaware, Ohio

Kate Aberle, Mansfield, Ohio

Katie Wagner, Mansfield, Ohio

Tillie Stambaugh, Mansfield, Ohio

Mattie Fink, Wichita, Kansas

Ella Henry [Mrs. Ross Glessner] Rochester, Pennsylvania

Mary Troll [Mrs. Fox], Mansfield, Ohio

Frank Black, Mansfield, Ohio

Minnie Race, Mansfield, Ohio

Sheridan McFarland, Mansfield, Ohio

*Irene Bushnell

Claude Platt, Chicago, Illinois

*Charles Dill

1886

Clara Conley [Mrs. McBee], Mansfield, Ohio

Della Dehn [Mrs. Frank Bloor], Mansfield, Ohio

Josephine Dolittle, Los Angeles, California.

Katharine Fink [Mrs. Snyder], Boston, Massachusetts

Jessie Keller [Mrs. Larimer], Detroit, Michigan

Etta Hoffman [Mrs. Fred Berg], Mansfield, Ohio

Madella Jones [Mrs. Weidermeyer], Newark, New Jersey

Nellie Lemon [Mrs. Hedges], Dubuque, Iowa

Mollie Rhodes, Mansfield, Ohio

Ella Scott [Mrs. Harry Porch], Mansfield, Ohio

Helen Simpson, Mansfield, Ohio

Fannie Thomas [Mrs. Graham], Olathe, Kansas

Grace Wright, Mansfield, Ohio

*Dora Zellner

Verda Zellner [Mrs. Tom McConnell], Mansfield, Ohio

Frank Bloor, Mansfield, Ohio

George Englebrecht, Mansfield, Ohio

*Harry Fickel

*Eugene Maxfield, Mansfield, Ohio

W. McE. Weldon, Mansfield, Ohio

Arthur Wilkinson, Mansfield, Ohio

THE ANNUAL

1887

*Hattie E. Alger [Mrs. Al Martin], Chicago, Illinois
Mary A. Barr, Mansfield, Ohio
Mamie L. Bair, Mansfield, Ohio
Frank Blymyer [Mrs. J. J. Siddell], Chicago, Illinois
Minnie Carrothers [Mrs. Chas. McDonald], Cleveland, Ohio
Helen Douglas, Mansfield, Ohio
Etta Gilkinson [Mrs. Mitchell], Vinton, Iowa
Helen Hurst, Mansfield, Ohio
Cora Hartman [Mrs. Ed Upson], Mansfield, Ohio
*Laura Harroun
Louise M. Hall [Mrs. Palmer], Everett, Washington
Lenora Horn, Mansfield, Ohio
Blanche Miner, Mansfield, Ohio
Yetta Miller, Grand Rapids, Michigan
Matilda Remy, Mansfield, Ohio
Bertha Z. Schrack, Chicago, Illinois
Jessie M. Schrack, Chicago, Illinois
Nellie Zay [Mrs. Burt Parker], Mansfield, Ohio
Harry Black, Mansfield, Ohio

1888

Ida Ackerman, Mansfield, Ohio
Emma Bieber [Mrs. Joseph Hale], Mansfield, Ohio
Harriet G. Burns [Mrs. Jackson], Mansfield, Ohio
Lucile Bristor [Mrs. H. A. Belcher], Los Angeles, California
Lucetta Coul, Mansfield, Ohio
Lillian A. Crooks [Mrs. Pauley], Lafayette, Indiana
Mary A. Cahall [Mrs. McFarland], Chicago, Illinois
Cora Gilmore, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
Helen Gaisford [Mrs. Stone], Mansfield, Ohio
Ora Kendall [Mrs. Bloor,] Muncie, Indiana
Linnie M. Lash [Mrs. Oris Mitchell], Mansfield
Mary D. Mitchell [Mrs. B. Crawford], Chicago, Illinois
Elverda McIlvaine, Mansfield, Ohio
Mary O'Neal, [Mrs. Hughey], Cincinnati, Ohio
*Bertie Ritchie, Mansfield, Ohio
Grace Reed, [Mrs. James Lauck], Mansfield, Ohio
Maggie Ritchie [Mrs. W. Wolforth], Mansfield, Ohio
Nettie Watkins [Mrs. Nagle], Mansfield, Ohio
Katherine Whiteman [Mrs. W. Parsons], Columbus, Ohio
William Bushnell, Mansfield, Ohio
James Dickson, Mansfield, Ohio
Herbert Stone, Mansfield, Ohio

THE ANNUAL

1889

Villa Adams, Mansfield, Ohio
*Netta Boyd (Mrs. Smith McMeeker), Mansfield
Etta Beilstone (Mrs. Chas. Schaeffer), Galion, Ohio
Jessie Baxter (Mrs. Grant Black), Mansfield, Ohio
May Carter (Mrs. I. S. Huffman), Mansfield, Ohio
Alice B. Doll, Cleveland, Ohio
Cora J. Ewing (Mrs. Kennedy), Wheeling, W. Virginia
Grace Eggert (Mrs. Zellers), Akron, Ohio
Mary H. Gibson (Mrs. Hutchinson), Mansfield, Ohio
Ida Lampert, Mansfield, Ohio
Ola Linderman (Mrs. Kelly), Mansfield, Ohio
Sue R. Miller (Mrs. D. E. Cloyd), Spokane, Washington
Nora Marshall, (Mrs. Will), Shelby, Ohio
Florence McBride, Mansfield, Ohio
Mary Mills, Mansfield, Ohio
Anna Roberts, Shelby, Ohio
Florence Roop, Mansfield, Ohio
Carrie Runyon, Pratt Institute, New York
Katherine Schissler (Mrs. Leach), Mansfield, Ohio
*Minnie Shea (Mrs. Jesson), Mansfield, Ohio
Leila Sawhill, (Mrs. Dr. Virtue), Iberia, Ohio
Emma Walters, (Mrs. Everett F. Jacobs), Cleveland, Ohio
Charles Carroll, Mansfield, Ohio
Howard King, Ashland, Ohio
Chas. Keating, Washington, D. C.
Arthur Princehorn, Oberlin, Ohio
LeRoy Redick, Berlin, Germany
Rizdon Stambaugh, Mansfield, Ohio

1890

Bell Adrain (Mrs. Frank Marquis), Mansfield, Ohio
Mamie Beck (Mrs. Frank Alger), Mansfield, Ohio
Minnie Carter, Westfield, New Jersey
Maud Cox (Mrs. Allen Stocker) Manton, Ohio
Edith Douglas, Mansfield, Ohio
Mary Frank (Mrs. Geo. W. Bricker), Mansfield, Ohio
Belle Fickle, Mansfield, Ohio
Katharine Holway (Mrs. J. E. Brown), Mansfield, Ohio
*Florence Nail
Lola Nunmaker, (Mrs. Stewart), Mansfield, Ohio
Grace Hubbell, (Mrs. Taylor), Cincinnati, Ohio
Edith Martien, Mansfield, Ohio
Ada Princehorn, Mansfield, Ohio
Florence Ralston (Mrs. Craig Lorimer), Ontario, Ohio
Anna Rettig, Mansfield, Ohio

THE ANNUAL

Gertrude Simpson (Mrs. Chas. Keating), Washington, D. C.
Emily D. Smith, China
Alice Snyder (Mrs. Ben Bissman), Mansfield, Ohio
Jessie Smith [Mrs. Lippincott], Newark, Ohio
Louise Thompson, Mansfield, Ohio
Mae Wilkinson, Mansfield, Ohio
Dorothy Waugh, Mansfield, Ohio
Will Custer, Boston, Massachusetts
Frank Edleman, Massillon, Ohio
Charles Harroun, Mansfield, Ohio
Harry Straub, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania

1891

Florence Au (Mrs. A. Mitchell), Toledo, Ohio
Anna Bell [Mrs. Chas. Matthes], Mansfield, Ohio
Jennie Bloor [Mrs. J. C. Kemble], Mansfield, Ohio
Helen R. Cline [Mrs. Albert Ackerman], Mansfield, Ohio
Edith Hurst, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
Maggie Pfinstag, Mansfield Ohio
Lulu E. Peterson [Mrs. Chas. Graham,] Cleveland, Ohio
Lena Zay, Mansfield, Ohio
*Walter Fickel
Lorin Keith, Mansfield, Ohio
Roma A. Koppes, Cleveland, Ohio

1892

*Mary W. Au
Caroline F. Baxter [Mrs. A. L. Bliss], New York City
Mabel J. Colby, Wadsworth, Ohio
Estelle E. Carter, Mansfield, Ohio
Sarah M. Estill, New Orleans, Louisiana
Harriet Gibson [Mrs Ehrlich], New York City
L. Valetta Gaston [Mrs. Fred Dew], Oberlin, Ohio
Maud E. Goodwin, Mansfield, Ohio
Katherine S. Ink, Baltimore, Maryland
Emma C. Lentzy, Mansfield, Ohio
Flora Lentzy, Mansfield, Ohio
Minnie Ottinger [Mrs. Chas. Remy], Mansfield, Ohio
Ida Roberts [Mrs. Stoodt], Mansfield, Ohio
Emma Redick, Africa
Bertha Reinewald, Mansfield, Ohio
Adeline Underwood, Mansfield, Ohio
Dimon J. Herring, Mansfield, Ohio
*Leonard W. Harrington
*John E. Speer
Harry W. Zellner, Mansfield, Ohio

THE ANNUAL

1893

Mary L. DeCamp, Cleveland, Ohio
Cora Englebrecht (Mrs. M. S. Hall), Mansfield, Ohio
Jessie F. French (Mrs. Wm. Hedges), Boston, Mass.
Rebecca Grubaugh, Mansfield, Ohio
Helen Jameson, Mansfield, Ohio
Grace Jenner (Mrs. McConnell), Mt. Vernon, Ohio
Bessie I. Jones, Mansfield, Ohio
Lily E. McIlvaine (Mrs. Sam Beatty), Mansfield, Ohio
Jessie McKay, Mansfield, Ohio
Harriet Martien, (Mrs. Small), Mansfield, Ohio
Elizabeth Scott, (Mrs. Chas. Schroer), Mansfield, Ohio
Lida Smith, Mansfield, Ohio
Anna L. Snyder (Mrs. Ed Ford), Mansfield, Ohio
Mae Webber (Mrs. Dimon Herring), Mansfield, Ohio
John H. Bristol, Mansfield, Ohio
Albert S. Brumbaugh, Philadelphia
Oliver L. Cunningham, Mansfield, Ohio
John DeCamp, Chicago, Illinois
Willis T. Parsons, Lucas, Ohio

1894

Richard Barr, Mansfield, Ohio
Charles G. Brown, Mansfield, Ohio
Walter B. Gongwer, Cleveland, Ohio
Orra Hursh, Mansfield, Ohio
Harry E. Ink, Chicago, Illinois
Chas. W. Race, Marietta, Ohio
Arthur H. Strock, Elizabethtown, New York
Edith M. Bloom (Mrs. John Immett), Sandusky, Ohio
Anna M. Boyd, Mansfield, Ohio
Athena Brook (Mrs. Tully Reynolds), Mansfield, Ohio
Bertha J. Creigh (Mrs. Clarence Steveys), Dallas, Texas
Daisy E. Cunningham (Mrs. Lisle Hubbard), Toledo, Ohio.
Lena Dorman, Chicago, Illinois
Lulu Frank, Mansfield, Ohio
Elizabeth Fisher, Mansfield, Ohio
Nellie Fisher (Mrs. Wm. Holmes), Mansfield, Ohio
Margaret Hayes, Mansfield, Ohio
Anna E. Jesson (Mrs. Oliver Cunningham), Mansfield, Ohio
Sadie E. Krum, Mansfield, Ohio
Ervilla J. Laughlin (Mrs. Meeder), Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
Lizzie Nunmaker (Mrs. McGinty)
*Herminie Reinewald
S. Florence Robinson, Mansfield, Ohio
*Lulu E. Rummel (Mrs. Geo. Cairns), Mansfield, Ohio

THE ANNUAL

Byrde Settlemyer, Mansfield, Ohio
Annette Smith, Springfield, Ohio
Mary Statler (Mrs. Moore), Shelby, Ohio
Mabel Ward, Mansfield, Ohio

1895

Edith Ackerman, (Mrs. Elmer Post), Mansfield, Ohio
Lauretta Davis (Mrs. Birch), Mansfield, Ohio
Mary Durban, Mansfield, Ohio
*Eleanor Geddis
Flora Hartman
Hattie Hull (Mrs. F. B. Collins), Mansfield, Ohio
Avis Keffer (Mrs. Erdenberger), Mansfield, Ohio
Myrtle Keiser (Mrs. Miller), Mansfield, Ohio
Mary Moore (Mrs. Jesse Sterrett), Canton, Ohio
Aleen Nimin (Mrs. Robert Campbell), Indianapolis, Indiana
Carrie Onstine, Detroit, Michigan
Grace Palmer, Mansfield, Ohio
*Emma Shock
Tillie Spamer (Mrs. Bert Esterbrook), Shelby, Ohio
Grace Wheeler (Mrs. Chas. Race), Marietta, Ohio
Duey Wolfe (Mrs. Dr. Oberlin), Hammond, Indiana
Harriet Bristor (Mrs. Bailey), Mansfield, Ohio
Lura Cairns (Mrs. Will Orbison), Mansfield, Ohio
Margaret Feldner, Mansfield, Ohio
Lulu Hartridge, Mansfield, Ohio
Jeanette Hedges, Mansfield, Ohio
Carrie Kerr, Mansfield, Ohio
Mabel Koppes, Mansfield, Ohio
Fannie Martin, Mansfield, Ohio
Mabel Mell, (Mrs. Jas. Brown), Mansfield, Ohio
Maude Moser, Mansfield, Ohio
*Bertha Spitler

1896

Daisy Barker, Mansfield, Ohio
Rose Cherry, Mansfield, Ohio
Luella Hipp (Mrs. John Cooper), Mansfield, Ohio
Russell Jameson, Oberlin, Ohio
Laura Jolly (Mrs. Chas. Statler), Mansfield, Ohio
Irene Jones, Kentucky
Ordella Ottinger, Mansfield, Ohio
Edgar Princehorn, LeRoy, New York
George S. Runyan, Racine, Wisconsin

THE ANNUAL

James G. Sanders, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
Lela B. Sloane, Mansfield, Ohio
*Earl B. Smith
Charles Benedict, Mansfield, Ohio
Adah Bollman, Mansfield, Ohio
Emma Bowers, California
Jessie Bradford, Mansfield, Ohio
Birda Etzwiler, Mansfield, Ohio
Araminta Foltz (Mrs. Carey Parker), Sandusky, Ohio
Anna Krause (Mrs. Chas. Beelman), Mansfield, Ohio
Rosa Meister (Mrs. Clark Custer,) Mansfield, Ohio
Carey Nixon (Mrs. B. W. Willett), Evansville, Indiana
Alice Palmer, Mansfield, Ohio
Carrie Proctor (Mrs. Mert Finney), Cleveland, Ohio
Edna Ritchie, Mansfield, Ohio
Edna Ward, Mansfield, Ohio
Wm. F. Voegle, Jr., Mansfield, Ohio

1897

Harry Bell, Mansfield, Ohio
Bryant Harroun, Mansfield, Ohio
Alphonsee Mabee, Shelby, Ohio
Thomas McCray, Mansfield, Ohio
Claude Schaffer, Mansfield, Ohio
Eustace Shauck, Mansfield, Ohio
George Smith, Los Angeles, California
Charles DeCamp, Chicago, Illinois
Arthur Nichols, Mansfield, Ohio
Mary Day, Oberlin, Ohio
Mary Ditwiler (Mrs. Fred Bushnell), Mansfield, Ohio
Hallie Fulmer (Mrs. Robert Gibson), Mansfield, Ohio
Maude Johnson (Mrs. W. S. Wilson), Walloo, Oregon
Nellie McGinty (Mrs. Priest), Columbus, Ohio
Essie Meister, Mansfield, Ohio
Hattie Niman (Mrs. A. C. Lee), Mansfield, Ohio
Mary Stewart (Mrs. Wm. F. Voegle, Jr.), Mansfield, Ohio
Florence Underwood, Mansfield, Ohio
Grace Wolfe (Mrs. G. Kenson), Mansfield, Ohio
Clora Balliett (Mrs. S. M. Elder), Galion, Ohio
Ina Baxtor (Mrs. W. Snyder), New York City
Jane Crider (Mrs. Everett Stroop), Cleveland, Ohio
Blanche McCoy (Mrs. W. D. Branan), Rock Spring, Wyoming
Bertie Miller, Mansfield, Ohio
Mary Scott (Mrs. H. W. Fish), Mansfield, Ohio
Cora Smith, Zanesville, Ohio
Mary Small, Mansfield, Ohio
Mellie Wilkinson [Mrs. G. Bahl], Mansfield, Ohio

THE ANNUAL

1898

Fred Baxter
Randolph McCray, Cleveland, Ohio
Herman Saiter, Mansfield, Ohio
Edwin J. Sawhill, Cleveland, Ohio
Stevenson Ward, Mansfield, Ohio
Claude Yardley, Charlottesville, Virginia
Laura Bristol [Mrs. Fred Leopold], Wooster, Ohio
Grace Byerly [Mrs. Geo. Sauerbery], Mansfield, Ohio
Nellie Bird [Mrs. Irwin], Mansfield, Ohio
Louise Constance [Mrs. Keane], Mansfield, Ohio
Kittie Courtney, Mansfield, Ohio
Nina Eggert [Mrs. Lucas], Mansfield, Ohio
Kittie Ford [Mrs. A. V. Neuman], Mansfield, Ohio
Mary L. King [Mrs. R. Carter], Mansfield, Ohio
Nellie Needs, Mansfield, Ohio
Mattie Pittinger, Lawrence, Kansas
Lillie Schad, Mansfield, Ohio
Rupert Cox, Mansfield, Ohio
Albert Krause, Mansfield, Ohio
Edward Preston, Chicago, Illinois
Walter Lantz, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
Mary Ackerman [Mrs. Nagle], Mansfield, Ohio
Nellie Funston [Mrs. H. Silcott], Mansfield, Ohio
Helen Meiley [Mrs. Nolen], Mansfield, Ohio
Edith Patterson, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
May Sullivan [Mrs. Stevenson Ward] Mansfield, Ohio

1899

Ralph Day, Washington
Edward Griebeling, Indiana
John Robinson
Joseph Schlosser, Florida
Rutledge Shaw, London, Ohio
Lester Smith, Mansfield, Ohio
Howard Twitchell, Mansfield, Ohio
Fred Wolfe, Mansfield, Ohio
William Post, Mansfield, Ohio
Richard Gaily, Mansfield, Ohio
Emily Abbott, Mansfield, Ohio
Bessie Boyd, Mansfield, Ohio
Reba Baxter (Mrs. Kenneth Dirlam, Mansfield, Ohio
Daisy Finney, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
Florence Krebs (Mrs. Palmer), Mansfield, Ohio
Pearl McFarland (Mrs. Jno. Kerr), Twin Falls, Idaho
Katheryn McNarna [Mrs. Allen Peck], Mansfield, Ohio

THE ANNUAL

Minnie Meister, Mansfield, Ohio
Minnie Schaeffer, Mansfield, Ohio
May Snyder, Mansfield, Ohio
Florence Wiley, Mansfield, Ohio
Reid Finney, Mansfield, Ohio
William Huffman, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
Wilbur Marshall
Clayton Seiler, Washington, D. C.
Morgan Pittinger, Mansfield, Ohio
Grace Cotter, Mansfield, Ohio
Clementine Laird (Mrs. Levison), Mansfield, Ohio
Cora McGauren, Mansfield, Ohio
Edna Procter, Mansfield, Ohio
Nellie B. Reed (Mrs. Carl Hedges), Mansfield, Ohio
Marie Walters, Mansfield, Ohio
Birdie Wentz, Mansfield, Ohio

1900

Eugene Arnett, Denver, Colorado
Wilber Bissman, Mansfield, Ohio
Stokes Bennett, Denver, Colorado
Harvey Comin, Cleveland, Ohio
Boyd Crouch, Oberlin, Ohio
Kenneth Dirlam, Mansfield, Ohio
George James, Mansfield, Ohio
Edward Marshall, Mansfield, Ohio
Paul Miller, Princeton, New Jersey
Ralph Osburn
Fred Palmer, Mansfield, Ohio
Homer Sewell, Gainesville, Georgia
Howard Wise, Mansfield, Ohio
Florence Bradford, Mansfield, Ohio
Genevieve Brown, Mansfield, Ohio
Jennie Brooker, Mansfield, Ohio
Leona Burneson (Mrs. W. C. Mills), Mansfield, Ohio
Mabelle Carnes (Mrs. Albert Krause), Mansfield, Ohio
Laura Glueck, Mansfield, Ohio
Ida Hall, Mansfield, Ohio
Mae Herring (Mrs. Wilbur Wise), Mansfield, Ohio
Minnie Hull, Kansas City, Missouri
Susie Houston (Mrs. Abernethy), Cleveland, Ohio
Elizabeth Ink, Mansfield, Ohio
Gertrude Jenner, Mansfield, Ohio
Maude Kagey, Mansfield, Ohio
Winona McBride, Mansfield, Ohio
Mary Metcalf, Mansfield, Ohio
Carrie Niman (Mrs. Samuel Burson), Chicago, Illinois

THE ANNUAL

Marie Osbun, Pavonia, Ohio
Cecelia Remy, Mansfield, Ohio
Lucy Stine, Mansfield, Ohio
Louise Stoodt, Mansfield, Ohio
Laura Smith, Mansfield, Ohio
Louise Weidner (Mrs. Ernst Koerper), Mansfield, Ohio
Mary Sturges, Mansfield, Ohio
Harry Princehorn, Mansfield, Ohio
Charles Robinson, Mansfield, Ohio
Nell Patterson, Mansfield, Ohio
Kathryn Ritchie, Mansfield, Ohio
Grace Schaeffer (Mrs. Norman Fleming), Pittsburg, Pa.
Anna Shanibarger, Mansfield, Ohio

1901

Louise Abbott, Mansfield, Ohio	Leo Seybold, Mansfield, Ohio
Bessie Boughton, Mansfield, Ohio	James Upson, Mansfield, Ohio
Mary Cantwell, South America	Lois Robinson, Mansfield, Ohio
Sarah Cantwell, Delaware, Ohio	Faye Seiler, Washington, D. C.
May Carlton, Mansfield, Ohio	Faye Wolfe, Mansfield, Ohio
Mollie Cleland, Mansfield, Ohio	Helen Fox, Mansfield, Ohio
Hazel McMeekin, Mansfield, Ohio	May Gilkinson, Mansfield, Ohio
Anna Miller, Mansfield, Ohio	Lulu Gilkinson, Mansfield, Ohio
Alvin Belle, Mansfield, Ohio	Anna Kemp, Mansfield, Ohio
Jay Dirlam, Mansfield, Ohio	Grace Wherry, Mansfield, Ohio
Earl Jones, Mansfield, Ohio	Harry Reed, Mansfield, Ohio
Charles Shaup, Mansfield, Ohio	

1902

[MANSFIELD, OHIO]

Louise DeCamp Barr	Sarah Jane Lewis
Eilleen Brown	Elsie Adelaide McClelland
Jennie May Crider	Ora Marie McNeil
Emily Denman	Thomas Meily McNeice
Mary Ellen Dow	Maurice Ewing Martin
Olive Prudence Eberly	John Miller
Gertrude Estella Ellsworth	Sarah Bernice Sanker
Blanche Alice Ettinger	Beulah Vandalia Schambs
Helen Felger	Alberta Elizabeth Simpson
Susie Fisher	William Johnson Simpson
Grace Louise Gates	Effie Dell Snyder
Magdalena Haag	Charles Angus Twitchell
Zora Marie Hershey	Charlotte Weil
Elizabeth Hurstil	Bess Janieth Welter
Bertha Grace Kallmerten	Phillip Wolf
Harry Arthur Lantz	Floyd J. Gorsuch Wox
Mae Hill Lautzbaugh	

THE ANNUAL

1903

[MANSFIELD, OHIO]

Zorah Andrews [Mrs. Bean]	Mae Jackson
Vida Au	Charles Jelliff
Burke Brown	Pearl Koontz
Louise Brown	Cummings Lindley
Jeanna Buckmaster	Portia Mengert
Flora Beck	Nellie McCormick
Abbie Bristow	Inex Patterson
Nellie Coblentz	Mary Parsons
Lynne Cunningham	Grace Snyder
Hiram Caldwell	Bernice Snyder
Mary Eberle	Margaret Seward
James Edmonds	Tillie Weaver
Florence Frederick	Karl Wheeler
Jay Gates	Agnes Wiley
Carrie Gibbons	Hazel Zellner
Ritchie Grove	

1904

[MANSFIELD, OHIO]

Clarence Angle	Inez Kagey
Angeline Brucker	Edna Lantz
[Mrs. Frank McCullough]	Clara Miller
Marie Brumfield	Florence Myers
[Mrs. Fred Moulton]	Jacob Old
Bessie Byerly	Etta Pifer
Pluma Buckmaster	Malcolm Platt
Edward Caldwell	Leroy Poole
Raymond Cahall	Margaret Post
Seymour Cline	Irwin Priest
Roy Carl	Cecil Rainey
Madge Courtney	Carl Satler
Katharine Dirlam	Florence Sawhill
Eleanor Douglas	Bernett Stewart
Helen Endley [Mrs. Hess]	Adrian Shaw
Howard Eyerly	Medary Stark
Mabel Felger	Wilson Tanner
Leila Finney	Hazel Wise
May Fidler	Gertrude Wherry
Thomas Hall	Ralph Yardley
Marguerite Hurst	
Walter Jelliff	

1905

[MANSFIELD, OHIO]

Gertrude Abbott [Mrs. Cline]	Clare Andregg
Gayle Au	Dwight Bair

THE ANNUAL

Nola Bair
Bertha Barr [Mrs. Marting]
Charles Barton
Mary Beilstein
Arthur S. Beck
Blanche Campbell
Frank Campbell
Harry E. Cave
Blanche Derrenberger

(Mrs. H. Kiser)*

Harry DeYarmon
Mariel Eberle
Mary Elizabeth Edmonds
Frank A. Erwin
Edna May Fidler
Ira G. Flocken
William J. Fritz
Owen Gates
Arden Dean Greenlee
Maud Greenfield
Clarence Harry
Yetta Helt
Fred Herring
Homer H. Howard
Verne L'Amereaux
Thomas H. Lemon

Lillie Lindsey
Vere T. Mabee
Clarence C. Maffett
Harvey Maglott
Fracis Marriott
Arthur R. Marwick
Wayne P. Mecklem
David Osborne Meese
Edward Burr Moser
Henry Moore
Bertha Patterson
Myrtle Patterson
Evangeline Payne
Fred T. Proctor
Mollie Remy
Verda Robinson
Floyd J. Schaeffer
Eva Marie Smith
Inez V. Smith
Ora E. Stark
Daisy Swigart
Albert L. Twitchell
Laura Van Cleve
Beatrice Wolfe
Ethel Weaver
Joseph M. Wise

1906

[MANSFIELD, OHIO]

Harry Ackerman
Kathleen Balliett
Ruth Barnes
Edna Beck
Nina Bingner
Etta Bowden
Florence Bowers
Stella Bowers
Rosina Breidenstein
Lockwood Brinkerhoff
Hazel Brooks
Warner Bushnell
Leslie Cahall
Francis Carroll
Mildred Castor
Jerry Cave
Etta Chaffin
Francis Cline

Lee Condon
Russell Copeland
Ruth Cotter
Verne Craig
Chester Ditwiler
Phoebe Eberle
Bernice Finney
Pearl Fisher
Barney Ford
Fred Griessinger
Raymond Guenther
William Guise
Helen Halter
Hazel Hedges
Heloise Hedges
Helen Hoffer
Anna Johnson
Artie Lehman

THE ANNUAL

Estella Leppo
Nellie Leppo
Ben Loeb
Margaret Long
Faye McBride
Mary McBride
Charles McNiece
Hortense Miller
Myrtle Milliken
Rae Morris
Rhea Mowry
Lucile Ozier
Reed Painter
Marguerite Platt
Lloyd Rainey
Austin Rhodes
Rubie Rodecker
Nellie Sawhill

Herman Schaller
Rosa Sherriff
Clara Shiveley
Oliver Shively
Cecilia Shires
Harry Slough
Bertha Shonfield
Lois Snyder
Fred Stark
Marchie Sturges
Ruth Spencer
Eva Swendal
Burgess Tanner
Bryant Todd
Estella Umbarger
Hazel Ward
Mayme Wendling
Nellie Wherry

1907

[MANSFIELD, OHIO]

Edward Abbott
Walter Armstrong
Grace Baughman
Robert Burns
Jacob Brown
William Bristow
Louis Brunk
Augusta Bevans
George Buchan
Leona Calvert
Guy Creveling
Mary Cave
Maude Cunningham
Helen Depue
Mary DeYarmon
Bernice Dowdle
Florence Coss
Mary Engwiler
Herbert Fraser
Olive Fisher
Harriet Ford
Luella Finney
Walter Greisinger
Rex Gilbert
Zoda Greenlee
Gordon Gray

Frank Gross
John Harris
Mary Haverfield
William Hammett
Ruby Howenstine
Alma Hegnauer
Helen Hossler
Laura Hoover
Mabel Hammett
Marjorie Hurxthal
Mary Meyer
Malva Hall
Elizabeth Kipp
Edith Lautsbaugh
Mae Longsdorf
Laura Leonard
Harry Massa
Nellie Mecklem
Jessie Mentzer
Don Maglott
Frieda Massa
Ralph Miller
Gladys Mengert
Mable Miller
Jeanette Martin
Mabel Norris

THE ANNUAL

Vera Oswalt
Fry Old
Walter Palmer
Mary Piper
Jeanette Platt
Dora Potter
Emmett Price
Estella Ralston
Louise Remy
Margaret Ritter
Fanny Roberts
Bertha Richards
Ruby Runyon
Maude Reynolds

Ray Sawhill
Helen Sauerbrey
Harriet Snodgrass
Eleanore Sloane
Eloise Sloane
Helen Shireman
Esther Them
John Todd
Mabel Ward
Kathleen Willis
Dan Wolff
Eugene Ward
Eleanor Weaver
Stanley Young

1908

[MANSFIELD, OHIO]

George Balliet
Marguerite Bange
Lloyd Barr
Katherine Baxter
Lee Baxter
Nina Bell
Marie Bowers
Carson Branch
Earl Bushnell
Mary Bushnell
Leona Calvert
Beatrice Charles
Mildred Clark
Forest Cleland
Una Crum
Lenore Cunningham
Marie Endly
Ruth Finrock
Will Finney
Frank Fox
Earl Frankeberger
Ruth Harris
Carrie Herring
Willard Hess
Jack Jenner
Martin Jelliff
Louise Jones
Vance Judson
Josephine Kalmerten
Vernon Kern
Fred Langdon
Leeta Lawrence
Ethel Lehman
Josephine Lemon
Howard Leppo
Margaret Lindsey
Wilbur Lindsey

Clara Long
Edna Maglott
Marie Marwick
Irene Massa
Mabel McCurdy
Clare McElhenney
Jennie McFarland
Edith Meily
Kathleen Mendelhall
Delta Mitchell
Katherine Murphy
Mary Murphy
Milo Patterson
Martha Payne
Hazel Plummer
Marie Pickering
Pearl Remy
Dorothy Reichart
Nellie Rupert
Charles Sherriff
Bertha Schill
Dorothy Shonfield
Florence Shires
Irene Smith
Roy Spetka
Virginia Stark
Edwin Stevens
Margaret Sturges
Earl Terman
Hazel Umbarger
Anna Voegle
Russel Vose
Glenna Wickert
Maude Walker
Marie Waring
Frieda Wolf

* Deceased.

THE ANNUAL



SCRUB TEAM.

CLEANLINESS

The cleanliness and fine condition of the High School building is a matter of favorable comment on the part of strangers as they come to visit us.

In the April number of the Ohio Educational Monthly, we noticed this editorial: "The janitors in the High School building at Mansfield are artists in their work. They enjoy seeing the building spic and span, and know the virtue of elbow grease. They are not trying to see how little they can do for the money they receive, but how clean they can keep their buildings."

If we entered our school room some morning and found it untidy, unswept, and cold, we should make a great complaint but no word of praise can be extorted from us, when every day, we find everything spotless, comfortable, and tidy. We are going to tell the care-takers of this building how we appreciate their work, and how grateful we are to them for their efforts in our behalf. We are young to act upon the advice of a man who said: "More taffy for the living, and less epitaphy for the dead." We are going to tell them that we have learned lessons from them; the lesson that faithfulness is everything; that there is a dignity in every kind of labor, that doing everything to a finish is the way to succeed in life.

There are three people who look after the comforts and welfare and safety of the teachers and pupils at the High School.

Mr. Leppo is the head janitor who has occupied this position for several years. He is courteous and painstaking, prompt and systematic about his work.

The work of a janitor is hard and taxing. It means getting up early on cold winter mornings, to have the rooms warm, staying late in the evening to get the rooms clean for the next day.

The Juniors, during their recent reception found Mr. Leppo general utility man, when he wired the drawing room and did all sorts of things.

Mr. Leppo is assisted by Mr. George Thomas, whose work keeps him down stairs most of the time, where he looks after the boilers and gas furnaces. It is a great responsibility to have the lives and comforts of so many entrusted to his care. He is pleasant, genial and obliging, always ready to do a service.

"Last but not least," is Miss Mary VonBergen, who looks so neat and tidy as she goes about her work of sweeping, dusting and scrubbing. Booker Washington in his autobiography "Up From Slavery" tells us what constituted his examination when he wanted to enter Hampton Institute. He was asked to sweep and dust a recitation room. He said that he swept the room three times, and dusted it four times. Every wall, bench, desk and window was thoroughly cleaned. The Head Teacher inspected the work, rubbing the desks with her handkerchief. When she was unable to find a speck of dust, she said: "I think you can enter this school." If that test were applied to Mary, we are certain that she could pass the examination with honor, for, after Mary has gotten through cleaning a room, it is a delight to look upon.

THE ANNUAL

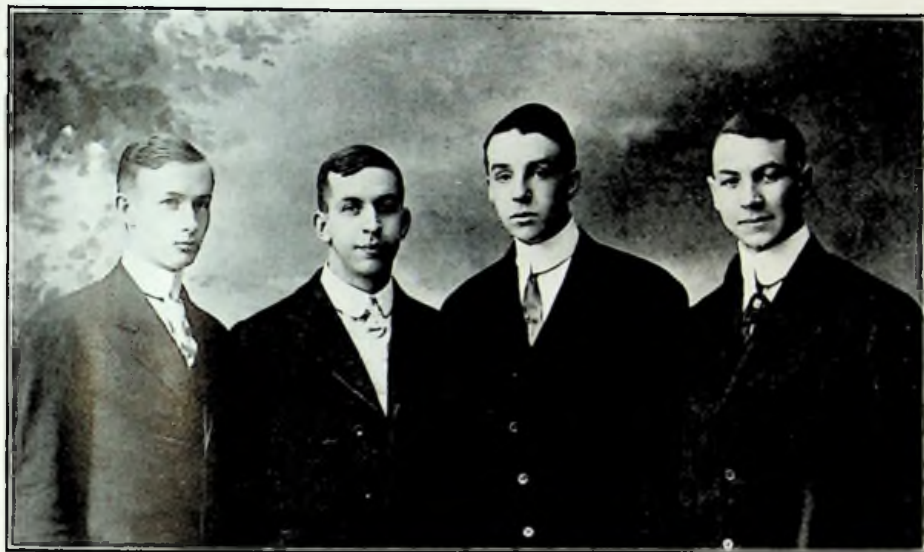


THE ANNUAL

MUSIC



THE ANNUAL



SENIOR QUARTETTE.





STRING QUARTETTE.



HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

THE ANNUAL

RHETORICALS

The Mansfield High School may well boast of its excellent presentation of Oliver Goldsmith's comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer." Comparing it with similar efforts of more renowned schools, schools which have environments arousing more of the latent theatrical talents in their students, and which have double the number of students to lend their artistic temperments to the presentation of such a play, we conclude that the M. H. S. boys and girls gave it with a polish, an attractive dash and spirit, and a unique portrayal of characters rarely found.

Miss Swaim, the instructor of public speaking, showed keen insight in choosing the actors who seemed veritably made for their roles. Due to this and to her untiring efforts, and skillful training and management, we greatly appreciated and enjoyed the entire play.

Entertaining as this play is, it was made more so by the clever art displayed by these amateurs. Tony Lumpkin, that "composition of tricks and mischief," caring only for horses, dogs and liquor, one moment his mother's angel-child, the next a wicked scamp, was well acted by George Blecker. This Tony was the lazy, phlegmatic type, differing from the usual boisterous kind, but giving a pleasing change even more comical and entertaining. Everyone agreed there could not have been a better Tony Lumpkin.

Ruth Gadsby's characterization of Tony's figety mother, was splendid. The doting mother worshipping her son, and again provoked beyond endurance, was amusingly portrayed.

Jud Colwell as the bashful lover, Marlowe, proved himself a genuine actor of ability. His bravado and dash, as a man of the world, ordering about his host as a common servant, was well done. Then, too, his diffident manner before Kate Hardcastle, and finally his ardent lovemaking proved him to be a versatile actor. We would prophecy that Judd might become famous as a matinee idol, if he cared to.

Marlowe's running-mate, Hastings, was well acted by Russell Upson.

Ruth Guenther depicted the character of Constance Neville most naturally.

Earl Schuler in three roles showed a goodly amount of ability in depicting the characters of Marlowe's father, the jolly waiter of "The Three Pigeons," and as servant for Mr. Hardcastle, each being difficult to represent.

Kate Hardcastle, the central figure, is mistaken for the bar maid by the young and handsome Marlowe, and carries out the delusion. Rebekah McDaniels delighted the audience by the charming and winsome manner in which she acted this part. She was a vivacious coquette and stooped to conquer most artistically.

We can't forget Judson Super as he appeared as Kate's father, Mr. Hardcastle. Judson carried out the dignity and rage of the fine old gentleman, meanly imposed upon, in his usual ingenious manner.

The tipplers, Tom Scott, Rio Judson and Earl Pollock, gave a lively scene about the table of the inn and made the hall resound with their clinking glasses and merry laughter.

At the close of this comedy we all felt that we had seen amateurs of ability, under the direction of an excellent manager, through whose efforts the whole went off smoothly and pleasantly and made us all wish at the close of the play, that we might see it again. This may be called a good representation of rhetorical work as it is carried on in our High School

THE ANNUAL

—ATHLETICS—



ATHLETICS

The interest in our High School athletics has been on the decline since 1905, with the exception of Basket Ball. In the spring of '08, however, Base Ball prospered. In the autumn of '08, when school began, our boys were determined to have Foot Ball and, by the heroic effort of those interested, we were able to gain permission from the School Board, this being necessary, as Foot Ball had been voted out since '05. The strenuous work of the fellows, together with the skillful coaching of Mr. Marting, put the team in a condition to win all but the first game of the ten played during the season. The team succeeded in scoring 173 points to their opponents' 44 and can favorably be compared in every respect with the champion team we had in '04, one of which we may well be proud.

When the Foot Ball season ended the Basket Ball squad began practicing. New suits were secured for the team and the first game was played on December 18, and won by the one-sided score of 102 to 0. This started Basket Ball with a vim and the spirit was kept up the entire season. Through the influence of Mr. Marting our team had the pleasure of going to Delaware and entering the Basket Ball Tournament for the championship of Central Ohio. Our team won this Tournament, in which seven other schools were entered, and carried off the two silver Loving Cups which the Ohio Wesleyan University had offered to the winner of the Tournament. During the season the Basket Ball team lost but one out of the thirteen High School games played, and succeeded in rolling up a total of 731 points to their opponents' 229. Our team also made a record for Ohio teams in two scores, one of 102 to 0, with Galion, the other 150 to 6, with Norwalk. This record is the best one ever made by any of our High School teams, and we hold the championship of central and north-western Ohio. The Basket Ball team of 1904-'05 won eight out of ten games played and scored 358 points to 184 of their opponents'. The team of 1906-'07 won eight out of thirteen games and scored 405 points to the 308 of their opponents'. The team of 1907-'08 won two games, tied one and lost six, scoring 221 points to their opponents' 253. It will be seen that the team of 1908-'09 is a champion one and has set a good pace for the future teams.

As to Base Ball little can be said, as no games have been played. The boys are practicing hard and, as we have six of last year's men playing, the outlook for a champion team is good.

Athletics in our High School have not only been a success financially, but in all other respects. Both the Foot Ball and the Basket Ball teams made a good record for themselves, and we now stand on a better financial basis than in any previous year. This is due to the fact that the students so loyally supported the teams, both by contributing money when needed and by being present at the games. The School Board, in one of their meetings, passed a resolution thanking Mr. Marting and the students for having carried through the athletics in the Mansfield High School in such a creditable manner. Taking everything into consideration, this year has been one of the most successful and satisfactory years in athletics our High School has ever seen.

THE ANNUAL

FOOTBALL.





BY SCHWAN

M H S O B

FOOT BALL TEAM.

THE ANNUAL

FOOT BALL

BUCYRUS

The Mansfield High School Foot Ball team met the Bucyrus High School team in the first game of the season, on the latter's field. The game was decidedly in favor of the Bucyrus team, due to lack of practice of our High School team but our boys played a plucky game until the last.

Line up and summary.

M. H. S.—0 Bucyrus H. S.—38
Pollock, Q. B.; Shireman, R. H.; Super and Stoodt, L. H.; Runyan, F. B.; Carrigan, C.; Black, R. G.; Lantz, R. T.; Longsdorf, R. E.;
Schad, L. G.; McCready, L. T.; Au, L. E.

MARION

The M. H. S. Foot Ball team went to Marion to play their High School team in a hotly contested game. Both teams played with great skill on the defense as well as on the offense and at no time in the game was either goal in danger.

Line up and summary.

M. H. S.—0 Marion H. S.—0
Pollock, Q. B.; Stoodt, R. H.; Shireman, L. H.; Super, F. B.; Carrigan, C.;
Black, R. G.; Lantz, R. T.; Longsdorf, R. E.; McCready,
L. G.; Schad, L. T.; Au, L. E.

BUCYRUS

The Bucyrus High School Foot Ball team met our High School team on our field in the hardest game of the season. Our boys were set upon giving them a good drumming in return for the one they received in the first game of the season with them. Our team showed a decided improvement over the preceding games and was not only able to overcome the big score rolled up on them at Bucyrus but was also able to win.

Line up and summary.

M. H. S.—6 Bucyrus H. S.—0
Pollock Q. B.; Jelliff, R. H.; Shireman, L. H.; Runyan, F. B.; Black, R. G.;
Lantz, R. T.; Longsdorf, R. E.; Schad L. G.; McCready,
L. T.; Au L. G.; Carrigan C.

GALION

Our High School team met the Galion team on the opponents field in the roughest game of the season. Both teams were about evenly matched, but on account of Galion fumbling Mansfield was able to score a goal.

Line up and summary.

M. H. S.—6 Galion H. S.—0
Pollock, Q. B.; Stoodt, R. H.; Shireman, L. H. Super, F. B.; Carrigan, C.;
Black, R. G.; Lantz, R. T.; Longsdorf, R. E.; McCready,
L. G.; Schad, L. G.; Au, L. E.

NORWALK

The Norwalk team came to Mansfield to play our High School team, in a game which proved to be one-sided. Our boys completely out-classed their opponents not only by holding them to a nothing score but by forcing no less than nine touch-downs through them.

Line up and summary

M. H. S.—48 Norwalk H. S.—0
Pollock, Q. B.; Stoodt-Super, R. H.; Shireman, L. H.; Runyan, F. B.; Carrigan,
C.; Black, R. G.; Lantz, R. T.; Longsdorf, R. E.; Schad-Cave,
L. G.; McCready, L. T.; Au-Shaw, L. E.

THE ANNUAL

ASHLAND 6.

Our High School eleven went to Ashland to play their High School team and the outcome was an old style Foot Ball game. Due to the fact that they had learned our signals and plays, our team was not able to work any trick-plays on them, but won the game by running bucks through their lines time after time for big gains.

Line up and summary.

M. H. S. 12 - - - Ashland H. S. 0
Pollock, Q. B.; Super-Stoodt, R. H.; Shireman, L. H.; Runyan, F. B.; Black, R. G.; Lantz, R. T.; Longsdorf, R. E.; Cave-Shad, L. G.; McCready, L. T.; Au-Shaw, L. E.; Carrigan, C.

MARION 7

The Marion Foot Ball team met our High School team on our grounds in another one-sided game. Our team played a fast and interesting game, and it was only by accident that the Marion boys scored a single goal.

Line up and summary.

M. H. S. 33 - - - Marion H. S. 6
Pollock, Q. B.; Stoodt-Super, R. H.; Runyan, F. B.; Shireman, L. H.; Black, R. G.; Lantz-Shad, R. T.; Longsdorf, R. E.; Cave, L. G.; McCready, L. T.; Au-Shaw, L. E.; Carrigan, C.

GALION 6.

The Galion team came to our city on one of the most miserable days of the Foot Ball season. The ground was covered with snow, which made it almost impossible for either team to play good ball. The boys on both teams played their best under the circumstances and when time was called the score was found to be in favor of our High School team.

Line up and summary.

M. H. S. 11 - - - Galion H. S. 0
Pollock, Q. B.; Stoodt-Super, R. H.; Runyan, F. B.; Shireman, L. H.; Black, R. G.; Shad, C.; Lantz, R. T.; Longsdorf, R. E.; Cave, L. G.; McCready, L. T.; Au, L. E.

ASHLAND 9

Our High School team played Ashland High in the last game of the High School series. The game was witnessed by a large and enthusiastic crowd and our boys played one of the best games of the season.

Line up and summary.

M. H. S. 27 - - - Ashland H. S. 0
Pollock, Q. B.; Stoodt-Super, R. H.; Shireman, L. H.; Runyan, F. B.; Black, R. G.; Lantz, R. T.; Longsdorf, R. E.; Cave, L. G.; McCready, L. T.; Au-Shaw, L. E.; Carrigan, C.

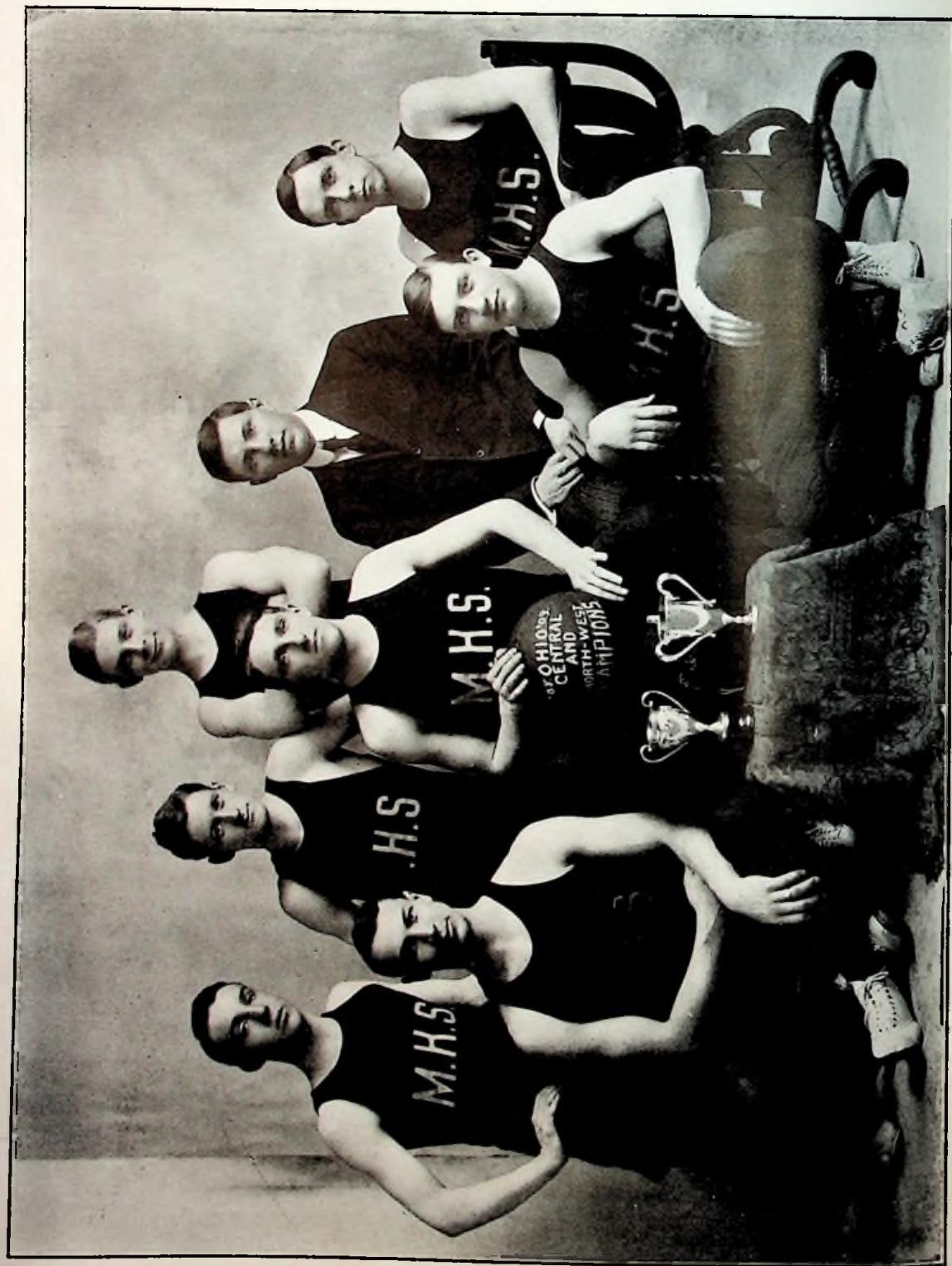
ALUMNI 10

On Thanksgiving afternoon the M. H. S. alumni played our H. S. team in the last game of the season. The game was witnessed by the largest crowd that had ever been out to see any of the games. The alumni had not had sufficient practice to compete with our fast H. S. team and, consequently, the latter succeeded in running up quite a large score.

Line up and summary.

M. H. S. 30 - - - Alumni H. S. 0
Pollock, Q. B.; Stoodt-Super, R. H.; Shireman, L. H.; Runyan, F. B.; Carrigan, C.; Jelliff, R. C.; Lantz, R. T.; Longsdorf, R. E.; Schad, R. G.; Black, L. T.; Au, L. E.





BASKET BALL TEAM.

THE ANNUAL

BASKET BALL

GALION

Our Mansfield High School Basket Ball team opened the season by a game with the Galion High School team, on the floor of the Y. M. C. A., and won it by an extremely one-sided score. In the history of our School's Basket Ball scores, this one is a record-breaker, both for basket shooting and exceedingly careful guarding, as the score indicates.

Line up and summary.

M. H. S. 102

- - - -

Galion H. S. 0

T. Scott (X4), H. Creveling (X5), R. F.

(C) E. Palmer (X19), L. F.

M. Jelliff (X19), C.

R. Shireman, R. G.

M. Pecht, L. G.

Howard, R. F.

Baker, L. F.

Cressinger, C.

Clark, R. G.

Rickey, R. G.

MARION

The Marion H. S. Basket Ball team journeyed to Mansfield and met the representative High School team on the floor of the Y. M. C. A. The game was fast and clean, but of little interest to the large crowd which attended, as it was very one-sided. The Marion boys were completely out classed at every stage of the game, and when the whistle blew for time the score was found to be decidedly in favor of the Mansfield boys.

Line up and summary.

M. H. S. 73

- - - -

Marion H. S. 6

T. Scott, R. F. (X9-A3)

(C) E. Palmer, L. F. (X14)

M. Jelliff, C. (X9)

R. Shireman, R. G. (X1)

M. Pecht, L. G. (X2)

Hagerman, R. F. (A1)

Alexander, L. F.

Taylor, L. F.

Bell, R. G. (X1), Cock

Spencer, L. G. (X1-A1)

FINDLAY

The Findlay H. S. Basket Ball team met our High School's team on the latter's floor and a hotly contested game followed. Both teams played hard and with great skill and kept up the good spirit until the last. The game was witnessed by a small but enthusiastic crowd, whose excited cheering ceased only at the call for time, when the score was found to be in favor of the Mansfield team, but only by a small margin.

THE ANNUAL

Line up and summary.

M. H. S. 25	- - - -	Findlay H. S. 21
T. Scott, R. F. (X4-A3)		Vertz, R. F. (A6)
(C) E. Palmer, L. F. (X1)		Hunter, L. F. (A3), Strengfellow (X2)
M. Jelliff, C. (X4)		Metzler, C. (X2)
R. Shireman, R. G.		Nemyer, R. G. (X2)
M. Pecht, L. G. (X2)		Howe, L. G.

GALION

The first Basket Ball team of the M. H. S. went to Galion to play a return game with the High School team of that place. The second team of the M. H. S. accompanied the team and also played a local city team, who proved too strong for them. The M. H. S. first team were victors by a smaller score than the one made by them on our local floor against Galion H. S. This was due, however, in part to the strange floor and in part to the fact that the Galion team was strengthened on that occasion by a ringer who played center for them.

Line up and summary.

M. H. S. 26	- - - -	Galion H. S. 13
T. Scott, R. F. (A1)		Howard, R. F.
C. E. Palmer, L. F. (X3-A3)		Crissinger, L. F. (X4)
M. Jelliff, C. (X8)		Midgley, C. (X1)
R. Shireman, R. G.		Stoner, R. F.
M. Pecht, L. G.		Baker, L. G.

ASHLAND COLLEGE

The next night after the Galion game our local High School team played Ashland College on the latter's floor. The College boys, on account of their superior strength and the floor to which they were accustomed, had the advantage, but our High School boys played with determined spirit until time was called, when it was found we had lost by a small margin.

Line up and summary.

M. H. S. 25	- - - -	Ashland College 32
T. Scott, R. F. (X1), H. Creveling		Tensman, R. F. (X6-A1)
(C) E. Palmer, L. F. (X2-A9)		Roobb, L. F. (X3)
M. Jelliff, C. (X5)		Lewis Saegers, C.
R. Shireman, R. G.		Jeza, R. G. (X3-A3)
M. Pecht, L. G.		Hoover, L. G. (X2)

COMPANY M

Our School team played the Company M team of Mansfield on the latter's floor in another game which proved to be one-sided. Both teams played clean and the losing team worked hard till the last, but the High team was too speedy for them and succeeded in rolling up a large score.

Line up and summary.

M. H. S. 79	- - - -	Company M 2
T. Scott, R. F. (X5)		Sigler, R. F.
(C.) E. Palmer, L. F. (X21-A1)		Derrenberger, L. F.
M. Jelliff, C. (X11)		Extwiler, C.
R. Shireman, R. G. (X2)		Birmerlin, R. G., Rodes
M. Pecht, L. G., Oberlin		Bride, L. G. (X1)

THE ANNUAL

WOOSTER

The Wooster High School Basket Ball team played our High School team on the floor of the Y. M. C. A. in another good game of the season. The game was witnessed by a large and enthusiastic crowd, who showed their good spirit in cheering the visiting team as well as the home team. Both teams played hard and in good spirit and gave great satisfaction to those who witnessed the game. The first half of the game was rather slow, but in the second the local five speeded up and ran up a good score on the visiting team.

Line up and summary.

M. H. S. 51	- - - - -	Wooster H. S. 17
T. Scott, R. F. (X10)		Sweeney, R. F. (X1)
H. Creveling (X5), (C) E. Palmer (X4), L. F.		(C) Barnhart, L. F. (X1-A3)
M. Jelliff, C. (X6-A1)		Greenwald, C.
R. Shireman, R. G.		Laubash, R. G. (X2)
M. Pecht, L. G.		Bartel, L. G. (X2)

OBERLIN

The Oberlin High School team met our High team on the floor of the Y. M. C. A. in the best game of the season. A large and exceedingly excited crowd witnessed the game. At the end of the first half the score was a tie. Our boys were determined to win; they went into the second half of the game with a rush and when time was called they were considerably in the lead.

Line up and summery.

M. H. S. 38	- - - - -	Oberlin H. S. 23
Scott, R. F. (X6)		Edwards, R. F. (X2)
(C) Palmer, L. F. (X9)		Henderson, L. F. (X4-A1)
Jelliff, C. (X3)		Fisher, C. (X2)
Shireman, R. G. (X1)		Young, R. G. (X7)
Pecht, L. G.		Johnson, L. G. (X1)

DELAWARE TOURNAMENT

The Mansfield High School Basket Ball team went to Delaware to enter a Basket Ball tournament for the championship of Central Ohio, directed by the Ohio Wesleyan University. The High School teams that competed in this tournament were Delaware, Plain City, London, Xenia, Columbus East, Worthington and Mansfield. High Schools played on the Y. M. C. A. floor. The game was fast and rough, but our team was in the lead throughout the entire game and, when time was called, the score stood 24 to 10 in favor of Mansfield.

Delaware played Worthington and won from them; immediately after this game Plain City played Columbus East and won.

In the afternoon Plain City played Xenia, winning from them by a large margin.

Mansfield then met Delaware on the University floor and won from them by a double score of 22 to 11.

In the evening Plain City and Mansfield met to determine the championship of the tournament, for which a loving cup was offered. The game was of great interest to the large crowd, about two thousand, who witnessed it.

THE ANNUAL

Both teams played fast and hard. Mansfield took the lead at the beginning of the game and held it throughout, and when time was called the score stood 14 to 9 in Mansfield's favor.

By winning this tournament Mansfield now claimed the championship of Central Ohio.

Line up and summary of the Delaware Tournament.

M. H. S. 24	-	-	-	-	London H. S. 10
Scott, R. F. (X6), Creveling					Chenovett, R. F. (X1)
(C) Palmer, L. F. (X5)					Timperl, L. F. (X4)
Jelliff, C. (X1)					Richards, C. (X2)
Shireman, R. G.					Moriss, R. G.
Pecht, Au, L. G.					King, L. G.

M. H. S 22	-	-	-	-	Delaware H. S. 11
Scott, R. F. (X2)					Seamons, R. F. (X2)
(C) Palmer, L. F. (X2-A2)					Hollowey, L. F. (X1-A3)
Jelliff, C. (X5)					Roff, C.
Shireman, R. G. (X1)					Eichom, R. G. (X1)
Pecht, Longsdorf, L. G.					Durandeck, L. G. (X1)

M. H. S. 14	-	-	-	-	Plain City H. S. 9
Scott, R. F. (X3)					Alder, R. F. (X1)
(C) Palmer, L. F. (X1-A2)					Crayton, L. F. (X1)
Jelliff, C. (X3)					Biglow, C. (X2)
Shireman, R. G.					Hudson, R. G.
Pecht, L. G.					Shebang, L. G. (X1)

FINDLAY

Our High School team went to Findlay and played the High School Basket Ball team of that city. The game was a good one, and in the first half there were but two points difference in the score, but at the beginning of the last half the Findlay boys made no less than six baskets. From this time on the game was steady, but when time was called the Findlay boys were in the lead. This game made Mansfield and Findlay a tie for the championship of North-western Ohio, as both had lost to each other, but had won from all the other High Schools they had played in the north-western part of the state.

Line up and summary.

M. H. S. 12	-	-	-	-	Findlay H. S. 32
Scott, R. F. (X1)					Nemeyer, R. F. (X6)
(C) Palmer, L. F. (X2-A6)					Stringfellow, L. F. (X2-A4)
Jeliff, C.					Merzler, C. (X3)
Shireman, R. G.					Howe, R. G. (X2)
Pecht, L. G.					Terell, L. G. (X1)

THE ANNUAL

Y. M. C. A.

Our High School team met the Y. M. C. A. team in a game which proved to be the closest game of the season. The game was fast and rough, but few fouls were called, thus making the game of great interest to the enthusiastic crowd. Both teams played to the best of their ability, but when time was called the score was found to be a very close one, only one point keeping it from being a tie.

Line up and summary.

M. H. S. 23 - - - - Y. M. C. A. 24

Scott, R. F. [A2]	Stecker, R. F. [X2]
[C] Palmer, L. F. [X3-A5]	Dill, L. F. [X4]
Jelliff, C. [X5]	Williams, C. [A3-X3]
Shireman, R. G.	Leppo, R. G. [A3]
Pecht, L. G.	Waters, L. G.

Y. M. C. A.

Our High School team met the Y. M. C. A. team in the second game of the series and won it by a large margin. Our H. S. boys were in the lead throughout the entire game and, on account of this, the game was of little interest to the crowd when we compare it with the excitement which accompanied the first game.

Line up and summary.

M. H. S. 33 - - - - Y. M. C. A. 5

Scott, R. F. [X6]	Stecker, R. F.
[C] Palmer, L. F. [X2-A1]	McKee, L. F.
Jelliff, C. [X4]	Williams, C. [A3]
Shireman, R. G. [X3]	Leppe, R. G. [X1]
Pecht, L. G. [X1]	Waters, L. G.

NORWALK

The Norwalk team journeyed to Mansfield and met our H. S. team in a most decidedly one-sided game. The Norwalk boys were completely lost in the scrimmage and simply stood around with glaring eyes and watched the ball into the basket. Our H. S. boys worked their plays time after time successfully and when time was called the score was found to be the largest ever rolled up by any H. S. team in the State.

Line up and summary.

M. H. S. 150 - - - - Norwalk H. S. 6

Scott, R. F. [X17]	Pressing, R. F. [P2]
[C] Palmer, L. F. [X23]	Wycklaw, L. F. [A1]
Jelliff, C. [X21]	Beattie, C.
Shiraman, R. G. [X4]	Stiles, R. G.
Pecht, L. G. [X4]	Pressing, L. G. [X1]

THE ANNUAL

Y. M. C. A.

The third and deciding game between the Reps. and the H. S. for the championship of the city was played in a whirl of great excitement. Both teams were determined to win out. Before the game started everything looked favorable for the Reps. Their team had been strengthened since the previous game by Dill and Charles. The game was witnessed by the largest and most enthusiastic crowd of the season. Mr. Male, from Marion, refereed the game with great satisfaction to both teams and also to the crowd. Both teams played their best and, although there were many changes in the Rep. team to their advantage, our H. S. team succeeded in winning the game by a good margin. The winning of this game gave the H. S. team the claim to the city championship. This game ended the season for both of the teams.

Line up and summary.

M. H. S. 36 - - - - Y. M. C. A. 16

Scott, R. F. [X4]
[C] Palmer, L. F. [X1-A4]
Jelliff, C. [X8]
Shireman, R. G. [X2]
Pecht, L. G. [X1]

Charles, R. F. [X2], Wise [P2]
Dill, L. F. [X1]
Williams, C. [X1-A2]
Leppo, R. G. [A4]
Waters, L. G. [One point awarded]

Goal Baskets X—Foul Baskets A



—BASE BALL—





BASE BALL TEAM.

THE ANNUAL

BASE BALL

Last year our Base Ball team was without doubt one of the best in this part of the state and as we have six regular men and three substitutes of last year's team for this season, we ought to have a team equally as good as that of '08. The prospects thus far this year are fine and if the team ends the season as well as it has started we certainly will give any of the teams a close race for the championship. Mr. Marting, our faculty coach, and manager, has arranged a fine schedule for this season. It is as follows:

April 17, M. H. S. vs. Ashland College (at Ashland)

April 24, M. H. S. vs.

May 1, M. H. S. vs. Galion (at home)

May 8, M. H. S. vs. Galion (at Galion)

May 15, M. H. S. vs. Ashland College (at home)

May 21, M. H. S. vs. Medina (at home)

May 22, M. H. S. vs. Wooster (at home)

May 28, M. H. S. vs.

May 29, M. H. S. vs.

June 4 M. H. S. vs. Wooster (at Wooster)

June 12, M. H. S. vs. Medina (at Medina)

M. H. S. opened the season at home on May Day in a blinding snow storm. Galion High was defeated by a score of 4 to 3 in seven innings. Two timely three-baggers by Lantz and McDaniel made the game an easy victory, Galion scoring only through errors caused by the snow and mud.

Line up:—Shireman and Scott, c; McDaniel, p; Schlagel, ss; Pollock 1st; Sheets, 2nd; Henry, 3d; Longsdorf, lf; Stoodt, cf; Lantz, rf.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
M. H. S.—	0	0	0	3	1	0	x	4	4	2
Galion—	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	3	2

M. H. S. opened the baseball season auspiciously by defeating Ashland College, 8 to 2, Saturday, April 17, at Ashland. The game was won by timely batting; while superior fielding and pitching kept down the Collegians score.

Scott, c; Stecker and McDaniel p; Schlagel, ss; Pollock, 1st; Sheets, 2nd; Henry, 3d, Longsdorf, lf; Stoodt, cf; Lantz and Marshall, rf.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
M. H. S.—	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	5	2
Ashland —	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	2	3	6



STUNG.



Charles Bushnell
E. G. Lemon



W. C. Mowry



M. F. Cline
Arnold Kallmeren



John Nelson

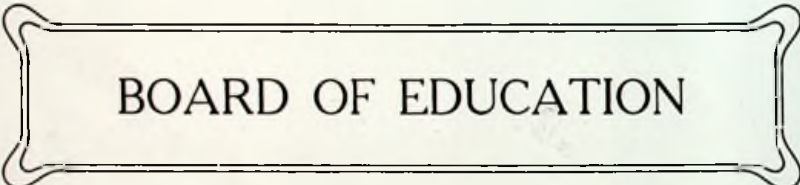


Dr. John Bristor



MANSFIELD BOARD OF EDUCATION.

THE ANNUAL



BOARD OF EDUCATION

The Mansfield Board of Education is composed of the following members: President, W. C. Mowry; Clerk, Dr. John Bristor; Arnold Kallmerten, Charles Bushnell, John Nelson, M. F. Cline. These gentlemen are some of the best citizens of Mansfield, and are rendering excellent service. They are giving their time and efforts gratuitously; they are looking forward to enriching the course by adding manual training to the curriculum. They deserve the gratitude and esteem of the whole city for their untiring efforts in the advancement of education in Mansfield.



—LITERATURE—



ITALIAN FLOWER GIRL

It was early morning when Beatricia Maruiccia slowly descended the long flight of stone steps leading into the Piazza di Spagna. She was a girl of about eighteen summers, whose figure was tall and graceful. Beatricia was an Italian beauty, with her hair surmounting her well proportioned forehead, her delicately tinged but healthful cheek, and her sensitive and kindly face. With every emotion her girlish face grew beautiful and her black eyes flashed, revealing her very soul. She wore a red dress and a black velvet bodice and carried on her head a large basket of flowers, which were in striking contrast with her clear olive complexion and black hair. At this time of day everything was beginning to stir. The laborers were going to their work; the vegetable venders with their two-wheeled carts were setting up their establishments for the day's business; the beggars were creeping forth from their dens to take up their stations at some prominent corner or church; and the flower peddlers were decorating their stalls or making their baskets artistic at the foot of the broad flight of steps.

Beatricia stopped on the last step and seating herself, began arranging her flowers in small bunches, choosing with her delicate fingers the best ones and putting them by themselves. Soon she had them grouped and was just about to put them back into her basket when she heard a step behind her. She turned quickly and caught her breath as she saw a handsome young American coming rapidly down the steps. Catching up her prettiest bunch of flowers she called to him. "Buy Signor—cinque soldi, cinque soldi." The young man turned and looked at her with a steady gaze. Beatricia held the flowers up temptingly and repeated her word "buy." He put his hand down in his pocket and drew forth his purse still gazing into her black eyes. "Gad! but you are a beauty!" he exclaimed, as he handed her the required sum. She dropped her eyes shyly as she murmured, "Gratia; Gratia Signor."

The young man was about to hurry away when something changed his mind. The girl would make a beautiful model for his new picture, he thought, and in a moment was gesticulating madly, talking in English and Italian with now and then a few words of French, trying to make her understand what he wanted. She ran away a few steps like a frightened bird and stood with her eyes bent on the

THE ANNUAL

ground as if she were counting the little square paving stones. She kept this attitude for several minutes. When at last the young man, tired of waiting for her decision, approached her and laid a hand gently on her shoulder, she started and looked at him with one of her coquettish glances. "Si, Si Signor," she said laughingly. The young artist then made his arrangements, as best he could, and told her to be at his studio promptly at nine o'clock the next morning. He then went his way; while Beatrice after selling all her flowers, went quickly home to prepare herself for the morrow.

The following morning Mr. Brighton heard a light rap on his studio door. He went to the entrance and there found his young acquaintance of the previous morning. She was dressed in the same manner as when he had seen her last, with the exception of a few strands of beads which she wore about her throat. Her eyes flashed brightly and her cheeks glowed as she entered and shyly handed him a nosegay of her choicest flowers. He thanked her and offered her a chair. She looked about and wondered at the strange surroundings. It was a large sunny room looking out into the Piazza del Popolo. In the middle of the room was an easel with a small canvas frame upon it. At the side of this was a small table littered with the various articles which an artist uses. There was little furniture besides two chairs which were necessary objects. The walls were hung with good pictures, most of them paintings, probably the artist's own work. There was one picture which caught her eye. It was a small copy of Beatrice Cenci the artist told her. He looked at the picture to see what it was that struck her girlish fancy, then he looked back at his model and was deeply impressed with the resemblance between the two faces. He placed Beatrice by the window where the light would strike her in just the right manner, picked up his pencil and began sketching.

Many pleasant hours were beguiled in this way. Beatrice came promptly every morning and always had some little flower for her friend. Brighton taught her to speak English and when they got tired working, he holding the brush and she posing, they would talk for hours. Their friendship grew continually and the days were made happy for both. Beatrice would watch every move he made when he was not looking and her eyes would sparkle when he would talk to her and tell her of his home. Her whole soul was bubbling over with happiness. Brighton noticed her longing glances which she cast at him and her apparent happiness when she was with him. He had noticed too the shadow that had spread over her face one morning when he had said that the portrait would soon be done. He had only meant to treat her courteously, but those bewitching Italian eyes had led him on. He knew she loved him and he knew too well how he loved her, yet for the life of him he could not see why he did it. He knew he could never marry an Italian peasant girl, though she was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. His American parents would think it scandalous and—well he knew it was beneath him. Still there was that ever burning fire in his heart. If he could only rid himself of it and be free once more, but every time he saw her he was more completely infatuated. He knew something would have to be done, for this misunderstanding could not continue. Was it a misunderstanding? No, in the bottom of his heart he knew it was not, yet he wanted it to seem so. He studied over it for a long time, as he knew something had to be done and that quickly.

THE ANNUAL

Arguing with himself he decided the best plan to adopt was to act just the same towards her and to break the news gently of his returning to America. The next morning when she came she had a large bunch of violets for him. She again put him under her charm and he was unable to broach the subject. After she went, Brighton wondered how he could be so weak and yet he knew why. Finally the day came when it had to be done for the portrait would be finished that morning and Brighton had engaged passage for America on a Liner for the next week. He expected to leave Rome in three or four days and spend the rest of the time in Naples.

Beatricia entered that morning, happier than usual, and gave the artist a big red rose. His conscience pricked him, how terribly she would feel. He did not know what effect it might have on her. Should he venture? Yes, it had to be done that morning. He tried to bury his feelings deep in his heart and to act quite natural. After the portrait had been completed, and they were both admiring it and comparing it to her own face, Ralph said, "Little girl there is something I have been wanting to tell you for a long time. Come over here and sit down while I talk to you a little while." He led her over to a chair. Her face was glowing with excitement at the prospect of his telling her something new. They sat down together. "Now," he began, "that the portrait is finished I must pay you and let you go, for I know you must be tired of this business." Beatricia leaned forward and looked searchingly in his face but he went on apparently without noticing her. "How much do you think it is worth? It has been a great help to me and I know of course it has been very tiresome for you, so we must take all that into consideration." He went on madly not knowing what to say next. "It has been over six weeks that we have been working together and I dare say that you have missed your out-door life." She put her hand up signaling for him to stop. She had leaned back in her chair and was staring at him, her lips were apart, as if she were about to speak but could not. Ralph tried not to notice her distress but his heart was breaking. How could he go on? Why cause her so much pain when she loved him with such simple faith? She moved her lips but no sound was audible.

He said no more but waited for her to speak. At length she rallied herself and pressing her hand to her brow said, "Is this all you can do for me?" In a flash Ralph had her hand and his plan would have been lost but he crushed the mad desire in his heart and went on calmly. "I am afraid this has been a misunderstanding all of the time. You have been good to let me paint your portrait and now you see I want to pay you for this kind favor. I am going to America next week and am anxious to pay you before I go." She gazed at him stupified. Her hands were cold and numb and she could feel the blood rushing to her head. Still she stared at him. She started and raising herself up looked into his eyes. "Don't you care for me a little bit?" she said fervently. "I thought you loved me and would take me back to dear America about which you have talked so often, but I see now you don't care for me. You merely brought me here because you thought me pretty. I see all. I understand. It was foolish of me to ever think of such things, but somehow I did. You don't need to pay me at all. I have enjoyed it, yes more than enjoyed it. I have loved it and loved everything about it, even you."

THE ANNUAL

She arose and staggered towards the door. She balanced herself against the chair. "Now I must leave you forever, yes forever." "How strange that sounds." She laughed hysterically. "I must go back to my old life of drudgery. No, I would rather die. Never-Never." She caught hold of the chair but it did not support her and she fell trembling into the arms of her lover. She sank back in his arms and lay perfectly quiet. He carried her into the next room and laid her tenderly on the couch. "I must leave her," he said to himself, "until she is quite calm." He came back to the studio and paced the floor for hours it seemed to him.

Suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder and he looked into the calm but strained face of Beatrice. "I must leave you now," she said and started out the door. She turned to him and said, "Signor, you have been good to me and I appreciate it." Brighton walked quickly to her side and placed in her hands a few gold coins. She looked at them and smiled. "Little girl, that will keep you from starving. You will never have to go back to your old life." She grasped his hand and fervently kissed it with her hot parched lips. In a moment she was gone.

In the next morning's paper, Brighton read an article which set him to thinking. The article was headed "Noble Girl Faints in Street and is Carried to Red Cross Hospital." His eyes seemed fairly to devour the paper in their eagerness to read every word. At last he let the paper fall to the floor and sat musing. "And to think she is really of noble blood and a descendant of Beatrice Cenci. I noticed the striking resemblance of their faces but my Beatrice has black hair. There is the difference," he said half audibly. "It has been said that there are some descendants living, but no one knows who they are or where they live. I must find her at once."

In a few minutes he found himself entering the hospital and inquiring for Beatrice Mariuccia. He was taken into a large sunny room with many rows of white beds. He followed the nurse across the room to a little white bed next the window. There was something dark lying with a face to the window. The nurse whispered that she was asleep, but that if he would sit down in a chair by her bed and wait a little while, she would waken. The nurse explained that they thought there was nothing serious the matter with the child, but that she had been delirious ever since she had come and something seemed to be pressing on her mind. She added that the doctor hoped this sleep might bring her to consciousness. Ralph sat down by the bed and waited. The minutes seemed hours to his feverish brain. When he could wait no longer he gently took her delicate hand in his and called softly, "Beatrice, Beatrice." Her eyes slowly opened and she smiled up into the face of Ralph Brighton. "I have come for you little girl, to take you back to dear America. I found I could not live without you and am going to try and make you happy. Will you go?" She raised herself upon her elbow and looked into his face. "Oh—I am so glad," she gasped. "You do love me. I thought so all the time. I will get well now for I am so happy, oh so happy." She fell back exhausted on the pillow. Ralph leaned forward and tenderly imprinted a kiss on her ruby lips. "I must leave you now, but will come back for you tomorrow if you are better and we will start on our long journey soon."

HELEN A. JENNINGS '09



MABEL THE APOSTATE



Whoever says that he has seen real beauty in woman has either beheld Mabel Dill or has a very bad taste. She was described as being medium in build and with a well moulded form. Her complexion was natural and her brown eyes clear. Beyond this no one ever attempted to portray, but only said, "See for yourself." If her being was fair, her excellence of disposition was indescribable. From babyhood up she had never been known to lose her temper or patience, and a conception of the meaning of evil was never her's. Pride never led her astray. Thus when she reached that age where all girls can be most appreciated, her voice and smile, like the strains of Orpheus, dispelled grief and pain, and caused not only the youth but the seer to act mysteriously foolish.

Mabel conquered the battles of High School and a year in College, and came out as pretty and bright as when she entered. By her manner and aspect no one would have dreamed that she had passed through so much tribulation; if anything she was still more beautiful than before. Now she was to take up teaching. A sixth grade in a large city school was assigned her and she looked forward to the coming fall with pleasure. She thought how the school, the community, and all would respect her for her accomplishments, would respect her for more than that which nature had given, and how easy was reading, and writing, and arithmetic to teach. It was settled in her mind that she would not, like some, teach temporarily, in order to earn college money, but would make this her profession, would teach until a certain time when——

Yes, school began, and Mabel was matron over fifteen boys and as many girls. "What dear children," she declared, "And how awfully cute."

But not until school had begun in earnest did she realize the purport of her charge. The fact that she was to deal with thirty different minds, the product of thirty different environments. And she was to learn furthermore that her standards of goodness were entirely too high for practical use. She would learn many things that her diplomas had never included. Some pupils were dense, others were bright, some were submissive, others had no desire, others had little ability and were anxious. Some were clean, others dirty; some were by nature sensible, others were naturally senseless. And withal in this unequal race the fast had to lie by and wait for the slow.

So Miss Dill was, using a common expression, "Up against it." She was more than teacher, she was nurse. When Willie fell down and hurt his finger it was her business to tell him it did not hurt, and excuse him from writing for a week. Sometimes Tommy would also have his finger sore, and while in the room

THE ANNUAL

was in mortal agony, but at recess, he, as it were, would take up his bed and walk. Whose finger was sore and whose was not, who was sick and who was well, who should be exempted and who should not was the intangible enigma, the burden of Mabel.

Some scholars saw little charm in ordinary work, and used their powers in faking lessons. They would bribe those who worked for written lessons and during oral recitations, the gleaners of the class would telegraph them the answers. These little mountebanks had so trained their ears for the purpose of receiving that a mere hint disclosed the necessary information. Miss Dill, although unacquainted with their quips and quirks often imagined their deception, and would give written tests during which she would keep what she supposed an infallible watch on the actions of the school. She had to take special precaution lest someone, while borrowing stationery from a neighbor, would slip a note. So she loaned them her's and forbade their exchanges. Yet in spite of her vigilance, when she corrected the papers she would find wrong answers corresponding in pairs and triplets verbatim. How it happened she could not conceive, but it happened and right under her very eyes. It was enough to drive a man into hysteria but she was a woman and bore it well.

Then there were the gum chewing girls. With all her pleadings, they would chew and chew and chew and with most of them it had become second nature to chew desperately while unobserved, and an art to stow the end behind a molar when reading. It was a misery to teach them. Among boys (especially the most intelligent ones) she discovered, it was considered honorable to be funny and the school had its jesters, who turned everything serious and respectable into nonsense. They would sing in a forced, unnatural tone and turn the whole melody into a pandemonium that was horrible. They would delight in making fool remarks, in setting tacks, drawing pictures of the teachers, falling out of their seats, coughing in concert, and in a word anything that would secure the applauding laugh. And everything was profaned by them from the morning prayer to a wart. What would be quietly passed, out of doors, would be laughed at in the school and she was pestered with those evil germs called gigglers. There was nothing so insignificant as not to attract them and they would giggle at anything and everything, the floor, the ceiling, the windows, the sun, the moon and a reference to the stars. They would giggle forever and at the magnified shadow of an opportunity to smile.

Miss Dill had been teacher for about a year when a wrinkle began to steal on her brow. Its name was Worry. Many of the scholars were in love; real, genuine, simple love. They would cast awkward glances back and forth, write long love letters, and ever anon would pose and try to look pert. While Miss Dill was explaining a vital point it was not unusual to see a half a dozen or more whose minds had gone traveling, whose riveted and glassy eyes proved it; proved that they were dreaming there, dreams of love in oblivion. Love always makes a sacrifice; they sacrificed their lessons and Miss Dill was grieved and sore at heart. There were many teachers in the building besides this maam. They all looked tired and cross and she had wondered when she made her debut in the ring, why they were so, and if she would ever get like them.

Mabel had a beau and once he visited the school. Although she introduced him as an ordinary book agent, it was of no good. There was a general upheaval

THE ANNUAL

in the class and for fear of losing her dignity she dared not restrain them. The jesters, the gigglers, and the wad shooters got in their work. They laughed at him, tossed chalk at him, and wrote his name and hers together all over the board. Even a kindred teacher had the unlimited boldness to give her a lecture on the folly of love. It was a shame and an outrage to treat a girl that way, and she was almost bored to death.

Not long after this Timothy Tall committed a series of misdemeanors, the effect of which was beyond earthly endurance and besides he fairly fumed from the odor of garlic. Any person but Mabel would have had him expelled but she only sent him to the hall. Of this she afterward had cause to repent. Timothy's father came to the school and all but thrashed poor Mabel. He raved and stamped in terrible wrath. He even—he actually used an oath and then made straightway to the Principal and swore that he did not send his son to school to stand in the hall. Mabel, following a severe lecture from her superior, buried her head in her hands and for an hour yielded to the throes of uncontrollable grief. The Principal was an austere individual who never owned a heart. Revenge for his domestic troubles he meted out on the school. He was one of those, who are too philosophical to be human, and know too much of Greece and Rome and too little of human hearts.

Many could be taught nothing, were uninterested, and owned brains utterly impervious. With such she worried her days. Notes came to her continually from parents who blamed her for the numbness of their offspring's skulls. How she was to satisfy these people who paid her salary was the ever pending question. At night in her sleep she could see blackboards, seats, desks and satyr faced critics flying about in dizzy confusion.

One day in early spring when the school was drowsy and dull, something dreadful happened. Had Miss Dill had a premonition of the occurrence she must surely have succumbed to prostration. At about 1:30 in the afternoon, during arithmetic time, the door suddenly opened and in came the Superintendent of the School. That was all. Over Miss Dill's face spread a blush, the first for a long time. She was fast losing this perquisite of nature. She managed to extricate herself from the excitement of the moment and after a "Good Morning," called on one of her best pupils—a girl. She recited fairly well and Mabel Dill was somewhat relieved. She was about to call on number two Acme when his excellence, the Superintendent, chimed in and took the class to finish the lesson. Her heart sank but she did not faint. He put one question after another, all of them had been gone over time and again but the questioner had to answer his own questions. Those who were thoroughly awake were too awed or frightened to remember. Contrary to her uppermost forebodings he did not motion her aside for criticism, but thanked her in a noncommittal way and left as easily as he had come.

Mabel breathed normally again but in recovery she lost what she had never lost before, her temper. She lost it altogether, and here is the unholy hour that marks her first fall from the sublime. She stormed in fury for full fifteen minutes and then felt better. Too numerous for mention were her trials but thereafter her ire never failed her and her one time lovely blush would appear only as a flush in the heat of anger. She began to grow cross like the others and as she continued to be cross the paths grew smoother and lessons were better learned, she was

THE ANNUAL

more respected and the more peevish she became it seemed, the higher was her reputation as an instructress.

Once she could have found a smile to fit any time or place, now from feigning deep intellectuality before the people of her profession she had become of a sad and gloomy caste. When other girls were having a gay time—Mabel Dill would sit up until midnight with stacks of papers by her side. Among them was every kind of writing; uniform, backhand, hierogliffic and scrawl. As if she had taken no pains to install the arm movement, everyone wiggled his fingers and the difficulties in decipherment reflected in her face and ashen hue. She encountered and fought her adversary to a finish but still it lived and loomed up bigger than ever. Any force is shattered when after repeated onslaughts, there is no relax. She became more and more discouraged and in time turned against her own better instincts. No more did the stern look of the principal shed fear and anguish upon her, no more did the sobbing of a little child bring tears to her own eyes. She grew suspicious and lost faith in humanity. Once she believed that Man was on the whole, good—Now she believed that he was totally depraved. Because, said she:—"I thought these infants pure and innocent. But no! I am deceived, they are as dishonest and crafty as the business of their fathers." She became proud, self-righteous and painfully peculiar, and though she took adversity coldly, she was seldom happy.

The beau she had at the school, you remember? Becoming disgusted she let him go and though he was a splendid gentleman she rejected all proffers to a close friendship. To make a long story short, she was losing herself body and soul and to speak materialistically, she was the victim of circumstance and was not in the least to blame.

One Sunday afternoon as she was strolling solitary through the woods, conversing with nature, (with botany) she suddenly forgot about stems and leaves to take a more general view of her surroundings. As she thus broadened her scope and perceived the beauty of nature in the large and best sense she began to speculate upon the part that she really occupied in the whole. She soon began to feel that she was indeed the most miserable object on the scene. Under a great oak she took her seat and there began to think and ultimately to resolve. Her mind carried her back to a time she was a girl with admirers upon every hand and now she moaned, "I am a woman transformed in only four short years."

Now she had her admirers, a few. But the tribute paid to knowledge was not to be compared to that bestowed upon youth and grace. It lacked much of the real. She traced her career to its very Genesis and "Why should I so spoil my volume," she asked herself, "When indeed it was started well?"

"Can I not tear out a page and then continue?" She commenced to feel queer. The longer she meditated the more queerly did she feel. Some extraordinary power was affecting her. Finally, as if visited by an inspiration, she on a sudden struck out over the hills and vales and meadows on the course by which she had come, and she never stopped until she arrived at her room.

In a second she was by her table and writing—what was it? She sealed it and as speedily, was at the postoffice, had mailed the letter and was back again. Scarcely waiting for breath, she had moved before the mirror and was arranging her hair. She tried every style she had ever known—about fifty—and decided upon one which she fancied was really becoming. She then took to pressing out

THE ANNUAL

that wrinkle, at the same time applying the white powder in surperfluous quantities. Vulgar it may seem to discuss so freely these propensities common to women but since she was once a teacher it matters not, and besides it must be remembered that such vanity had played little part in her life.

Then she would wear the silliest of all smiles on her face. When she appeared on the street every one would eye her, and it was often asked "What is she smiling at." Some gossip had it that Miss Mabel Dill was demented

Some time passed. On Easter morning, the sun rose clear and bright, the birds kissed the air with songs that inspired and made the world glad. It was nine o'clock and Miss Dill had not yet made her appearance for breakfast. Mrs. Howe with whom she lived felt uneasy, and going to Miss Dill' room, knocked gently and awaited reply. None came. She called and knocked loudly, still no answer came. Mrs. Howe was a nervous woman and would not try the door, but hastened down and summoned two neighbors. The three mounted the stairs and without delay opened the unlocked door and stepped into the room. She was not there. The spread and pillow had been untouched. The women looked at each other in blank perplexity. One suggested that since her mind had been wandering, that she might have strayed to the river and drowned herself. They were just agreeing that the police should be notified when Mrs. Howe espied a letter lying on the dresser, addressed to herself. This would tell the tale. She nervously tore the letter open and this is what she read:

My Dear Mrs. Howe:

You have doubtless taken note of my moves of late and have thought me silly. Maybe I am, but be assured that I am going to be happy. I have learned through a course of experience that there is more happiness in a life than a career, and I intend to live. I know that some of my friends will name my sin unpardonable, but I must confess. I accepted that dear fellow, and we were married at noon yesterday. As you read we are far, far away, bound for a home which is waiting. Words cannot express my thanks to you for your kindness during my four years of delusion. Begging that you will write, I am,

Yours Sincerely,

MABEL DILL CLARK,

80 East Boulevard

Peerless, California

April twenty-fourth

Nineteen hundred and nine.

By G. '11



THE ANNUAL



—SOLIOQUY.—

When it cometh my time to enter the High School I shall rejoice greatly. There shall be sweet release from studying and from the vigilance of spectacled teachers. I will not subject myself to anyone and will endeavor to rid myself of my greenness at as early a date as possible. I shall not get lost, but shall walk in an upright and sedate manner to the proper room. I will write notes in abundance and make small noises to harrass the teachers. I shall indeed have a goodly time.

* * * * *

I stood in front of the High school gazing. I had not thought it could be so large. My limbs shook and I felt frightened. But strange sounds were issuing from its portals that were as wine to my head and music to mine ears.

I entered. I was shoved rudely aside and was laughed at. I felt sore afraid. At last, after great wanderings, I found myself in a room with many others. A soft green light filled the room. I could not think what made it. A very boyish looking man was standing in the front of the room, trying to get order. He looked cross as he saw one after the other doing not his will. He was desperate, but a man came hurrying in, who put an end to this. He was not such a terrible looking man but he seemed to have the sway of a tyrant. He told us to come to "Study Room One." We all arose vaguely certain he would lead us some where. While we were going through the halls, there was much ridiculing of our color. We were greatly depressed. While in "Study Room One," the man was gentle and nice, and made out what were called "schedules." We were duly grateful to him and liked him well.

The next morning with others, I went again to the boyish looking teacher's room, but was instructed to leave and to betake myself to where I belong. I felt bad at such rash treatment, but found a place to sit in the room, where a teacher with brown eyes and a great lot of black hair presided. She was kind and gentle withal.

Before we could well think what was happening, we were told to follow our schedules. A signal rang and we went out into the hall. Surely the end thereof

THE ANNUAL

had come, such confusion was never before seen. I felt lost and awed, I made my way to a room where a busy teacher was talking a queer language. I knew not where I was. But, I knew it was not a class of my fellows for the occupants laughed uproariously at my color. I set forth again, I went up stairs and down again, from one end to the other endeavoring to find the algebra room. I inquired of several but was scorned and misused.

At last I found a room where a dark haired teacher, with a soft voice held sway. The perfect peace that reigned within was in sharp contrast to the confused chaos without. I was well contented to stay, but must needs go when the signal rang.

I next tried to find the history room. After much labor I found it. An austere woman presided. She made a few jokes and then became stern and severe. We must not smile, we must not whisper, we must not *fail*, and in all we must be ideal.

The next thing my schedule sayeth was English. Where, oh where was the English room. After more wanderings and ill usages, I found it. A teacher with much worry and the biting of the end of her little finger and pencil, alternately, said: "Bring a paragraph on your first day at High School—tomorrow." Surely, she kneweth not what a tender subject that was to us.

Next I was to find the teacher with the lot of black hair and learn Latin. I went up and up the stairways, but things looked not the same. I was in the department of typewriters. Down again I went, through the whole length of the building, and finally into the right room. How glad I was to see again a familiar face. Thus ended my first day at High School.

The next day the study periods were thrown in and then I found not my way at all.

After three weeks I felt the time had now come to get excused. Accordingly, I went to the office. It was full of boys and girls but nothing daunted me then. I was that far and would go farther. A man, I had seen before and came to know as one Hall, was seated behind a desk, pencil poised in mid-air, ready to write my excuse. I felt flattered at his fore-thot, but secretly alarmed when I thot of the questions he would ask. "Mother know?" "Where to?" "Why?" "How long?" "What for?" I knew not if I would have the courage to ask. I did, and my delight and amazement were unbounded when he said, "Why *yes!*" I had no more fear of the office.

One day I was seized with a headache of volcanic force, large objects swirled before my eyes. I could not think or see. The first thing I well knew, I was in a dark room, and felt comfortable. The doctor, a woman with brown eyes, slightly wavy dark hair, and a very firm mouth, was bending over me, inserting under my tongue an instrument, the name of which I knew not. It was pleasurable until she gave me ginger tea and bathed my head with camphor. I straightway protested I was well, but my poor attempts to rise were conviction enough I was not.

The doctor went out and left me to my own meditations. I was soon asleep and I must say, I did enjoy my sleep very much. I afterwards learned I had fainted and had caused a great commotion.

THE ANNUAL

One day cometh the time for what was known as Parliamentary Law in the Room Twenty-four. It took much time to find that room, and after we were there, we had an odd time. A tall woman with light hair, made us get up and make motions. I wonder when the motions we made will take effect. I hope it is soon.

Two days after, everybody was saying "Rhetoricals," what are they? I could not tell and no one seemed to know more than I. We awaited the day with great curiosity and expectancy. At last it came. Dropping in with the crowd, I started up-stairs. We entered a large brilliantly lighted room. Why, it was like the opera house. What was its name? A noise as of some great crashing came to my ears. I looked up in front. A little man was standing there, bobbing his head as fast as he could. His face wore a distressed look and he seemed not at his ease. It was not—why yes—it was Mr. Bellingham. Why was he over at High School, I wondered.

At last the woeful crashing ceased and a young man arose from where he had been sitting on the platform and after great hand clapping, the program began. It was altogether good to see Sophmores, Juniors and Seniors alike get confused.

After the one Hall had spoken we were dismissed. Surely, I would never come out alive. A young man, with his hair curled a little at the ends, was endeavoring to make more order, but in vain. I came out without my tie, handkerchief and hair ribbon. I later recovered them at the office. All told, I enjoyed rhetoricals very much.

I am well versed in the ways of High School now. These things are nothing new. Then they were, and if here I have given you any idea of my sensations, I am well pleased, for that was my purpose.

WINIFRED ANGLE, '11.



THE PHILISTINE

Beyond the village outskirts, on a fair secluded spot
'Mong the trees above the brooklet gleams the window of a cot.
While the water splashes, murmurs, lulled by breezes of the night
The Philistine is straining o'er the page by candle light.

Below the hill within the town, all things are chaos dark
The villagers have quit their day, so now in dreams embark ;
Toil, eat and sleep—with hopes for harps theirs is the flimsey goal
The Philistine feels more of life—the meaning of a soul.

The village shepherd and his flock have scorned him "infidel,"
They gossip of his ignorance, and foreordain his hell
But yet the world knows not its men and fools take all the pay—
His judgement stands supreme to most the sun's orb to a ray.

Ideals were not served to him by heritage or style,
By ancient relics, platitude, or hypocritic wile.
But thro' a knowledge of the past, a keen observing eye—
He learned his secret 'how to live', and cares not how to die.

He lives not for the shades of those who's dust has long diffused
And quibbles not to empty air, nor is he mythenthused—
But concentrates among those here and seeks to spread a light
That mortal man would live for men thus giving earth his mite.

At noonday in the blazing sun, a miracle he views ;
He needs not supernature to convince or to confuse.
He sees life's conflict as it is : it's roses and it's thorns ;
No winged woman guards him 'gainst a man with hoofs and horns.

Of all good men with kindly hearts and philanthropic souls
This man is chiefest of them all—he with the least condoles
And no one leaves his door unfed—with bread and lofty thought,
So honesty impels a truth "Great good has this man wrought."

A lovely maid, two stalwart sons his views and virtues share—
A modest wife with cheerful mein alleviates his care ;
A sacred fireside is theirs—a shrine without a dome—
Above the door hangs this refrain : "Lord Reason Bless Our Home."

He reads the epics old as time and sees the latest trend
He conceives the world from stardust,—force and matter without end—
But he knows brain's narrow limit, and his wisdom knows it's blight,
That convictions prove no substance, that mankind is seldom right.

In time, he hopes, not far away, will heaven be the earth—
When hopes for happiness hold here their plentitude or dearth,
When men will cast their eyes from skies then to behold their own
And make this place a paradise, a natural, decent home.

By G.

THE CENTENARIANS OF 1909

The year 1809, for some unaccountable reason, was productive of men whose fame lives after them, not so much for their deeds, as for their aim and their wonderful personalities. Science and musical art, no less than humanity at large were enriched by the men whose centenaries are being celebrated over the whole world during this year.

It has been said that the best material for teaching is biography, and if so, the whole world is learning lessons at present. One remarkable thing is that in the rushing commercial age, we are admiring men none of whom were given to acquiring wealth, and it speaks well for the world of today that our homage is paid to these heroes whose achievements were all for the good of others.

Prominent among them, not only here but everywhere is our own Lincoln. As time goes on our love and regard, and our appreciation of his wonderful personality increase. His being contemporary with Gladstone has give rise to many comparisons, as they are most prominent in the two greatest English-speaking nations. One had every advantage of culture, education and refined surroundings, while the other grew up in the back woods with few books and no means of any sort at his command. Yet out of his inner self, he originated master pieces of literature, not oratorical, but so heart-felt that they live in the minds of many who read them, while Gladstone's speeches are never quoted except that they be among his very own people.

Again many comparisons as to the debt of the world to two great men are made between Lincoln and Darwin, their birthday happening to be the same. The one advanced science, especially theology, and the other advanced the cause of freedom. May I quote a beautiful little poem from the Independent entitled, "Lincoln and Darwin:"

"Born on the self same day, wide seas apart,
The Nazarean statesman of the West,
Divinely sorrowful, divinely blest,
And he who stalked shy truth with perfect art,
Both freemen in themselves and making free,
Emancipators both all time to be."

Two of the most wonderful poets are among those whom we honor this year, Tennyson and our own beloved Holmes. The former had been much admired and had the highest honor conferred upon him in his own country, but we feel Holmes reaches our hearts. Who that has read and re-read that masterpiece of English, "The Last Leaf," would not have wished to make its author the Poet Laureate of America, could such a thing have been done.

To fill the list, come two leaders in the "happy art," music. Chopin, with his compositions reflecting in their weird beauty, the sadness of his own country, and Mendelssohn with his delicately beautiful songs and harmonies. It would be a weary world without the uplifting influence of good music, and so we honor the memories of those who help us to high thoughts by their melodies.

The fact that the world cares so greatly for this group of men, shows that our heroes are those who give us the spirit, rather than the things that perish.

MARY IRWIN. '11.



A PIPE DREAM

By LeROY WILLIS

CHAPTER I.

On a cool summer day John Jennings Jones sat beneath the broad expanse of an oak tree. He was unoccupied because four days ago he had lost his position as private secretary to one of the best known men in Fountain, a town of some twenty thousand inhabitants.

Jones had been employed in the principal business concern of this city, a large steel foundry. The president of the company for whom he worked had wanted John to carry out a scheme of his which would bring them both quite a sum of money. However, this involved breaking into the office of a competing company and getting certain papers from the safe the combination of which the president offered him ; as Jones was an honest young man he refused to do this and lost his position.

He started out to find work of some kind, for Jones's bank account was not of the largest, and he would soon face starvation if he remained idle. So far he had found nothing and being tired and discouraged he sat down to rest and think and smoke. He was gazing at the blue sky when he saw a small object so far away that it was scarcely visible. As he watched this it became larger and larger until it greatly resembled a large cigar.

As it came nearer, he saw that it was some sort of an air-ship. It seemed to be nearing the earth and finally came down in a field adjoining the park in which John sat. Being interested, he arose and walked over to it. As he approached, a door opened and a man in a light suit came out followed by two men carrying a stretcher upon which lay a man.

The gentleman who wore the light suit, seeing Jones addressed him pleasantly. He inquired if he, Jones, knew where a good doctor could be found. Jones said he would get one and in five minutes the doctor was there and prepared for business. The man who had requested a doctor said his name was Richard Orvington, and that the man on the stretcher had been overcome from lack of air. They had just come from Mars and their supply had run a little short.

After this explanation he inquired if Jones knew of a young man of good character who would be willing to go into something that he knew nothing of except that it was perfectly honest. Jones was about to reply that he did not, when the thought came to him that he needed a job.

THE ANNUAL

"I am out of a job myself", he said after some hesitation. "If you think I will answer the purpose I will try it, because if I don't get something soon I shall starve. Will you give me the particulars of this if I agree to go into it?"

"Yes I will give the particulars. But how is it you are out a job?"

Jones then related the facts of his dismissal. When Orvington heard these he liked the man before him more than ever. He then asked him several other questions among which was, "Did you ever have a love affair?" "Well I loved a millionaire's daughter but she was so far above my station that I thought I stood no show of winning her. However, we are the same friends we have always been. If I were rich I would immediately ask her to become my wife."

"Well, you may stand some show of winning her yet," said Orvington. "You seem to fill all requirements of the position I spoke about. It is a secret undertaking and all who belong to the company are sworn to secrecy. There is no salary but each man shares the proceeds. Do you want it?"

"Yes indeed," Jones replied quickly. "Anything would be acceptable to one in my condition. You want, I suppose, me to take oath?"

"Yes replied Mr. Orvington," and he was duly sworn.

It was then explained to him that Mr. Orvington had invented an airship which was constructed with gravitation planes and large propellers. The planes were small and concealed on the top and bottom of the ship while the propellers were at each end.

These machines could leave the earth and sail to different planets. The construction was known to six men, the owner and inventor (Mr. Orvington) the engineer, a machanic, and electrician, a wireless telegraphier and a mining engineer. The man they had just taken off knew very little about it, as he had only made one trip and had not been allowed to explore the ship.

They had made one trip to Mars and had discovered that gold was to be had in large quantities. Also that radium was there in about the same quantity as diamonds on earth. They were now going back to get what gold they could carry and also enough radium to make them each several billions.

Orvington now asked Jones what he had done before he became secretary. He replied that he had been foreman in the mines of the same company. He said that if they were going into the mining business he thought he could help them as he had with the knowledge he had gained there, invented a drill that would take out about a hundred cubic yards a day.

"That is good if what you claim is true" said Orvington. "Where is your invention?" "It is in a hired barn at present," answered Jones.

"Can you take me there now"? asked Orvington.

"I can," replied Jones and led the way to a little barn about a mile away.

John opened a door and the three stepped inside. Before them stood a large machine of which the men could understand but little until it was explained to them by Jones.

"It had a series of drills constructed so as to take out about ten cubic yards of rock at once. These were then lifted out by a large clamp, after a small charge of dynamite had been exploded to loosen them. All this was done automatically. From this machine the rock excavated was transferred by rail to another machine which crushed it and it came out as ore ready for smelting. "That is all very good," said Orvington, but how are you going to get it to Mars?"

THE ANNUAL

"That is very simple," replied Jones. "This invention is constructed entirely of small pieces with the exception of the beam. I cast all of these myself and can do it again. We can take as many pieces as you can carry conveniently on one trip. Then I will melt up the beam and you can take part of it at a time and it can be recast on Mars. Are there men on Mars?"

"Yes, but we can understand but little of what they say, we have, however, become so that we can tell what they mean." "In that case we will enlist their services and can get along fairly well."

"There is just one drawback. The air of Mars is much warmer than here on account of its being closer to the sun. The temperature there at midday reaches the neighborhood of 150°. Can your inventive mind think of something that can be used to relieve us of this?"

"Well,"—Jones had an idea but he thought he had better save it, "I will think about it and let you know later. Now that I am in your company and know its particulars I think I can probably help you quite a bit. Where can I meet you tomorrow?"

"Meet me at the field at six-thirty sharp. I named this hour because I do not wish to arouse too much curiosity. Well, goodbye, Oh! by the way, what is your name?"

"John Jennings Jones, at your service," he replied and forthwith departed with a light heart.

The next morning he arose early and having eaten his breakfast started out for the field where he had been the day before. Mr. Orvington was already there and he greeted Jones with a pleasant "Good morning, John."

John answered cheerfully and asked if he were ready to start.

"Yes," answered Orvington, "We will leave in a few minutes. Have you thought of anything to keep us cool?"

"Well, I have thought of a plan, but would rather see Mars before submitting it. Is it cool there at night?"

"Yes, generally it comes down to fifty or sixty degrees."

"Then we can work at night!"

"Oh yes," Orvington wore a genial smile and seemed happy that morning. "Are you ready to start? If so come this way and I will show you my airship. It is so simple it seems a wonder some one did not make one before me. Come on!"

CHAPTER II.

Jones went. The outside of the ship was covered with aluminum to prevent weight. On the front end was a search light and on the rear end a rudder. The inside was a comfortable apartment composed of four rooms. The forward rooms contained the mechanism. The second was the sleeping room with comfortable berths along the wall. The next was a living room containing a library and booth with the wireless telegraph in it. The last room was the kitchen. It was neatly arranged, having water and an electric stove. All the rooms were lighted with electricity. The ship taken as a whole was wonderfully compact and also complete. To an outsider it seemed crowded, but a few minutes inside sufficed to dispell this impression.

"We are going to start soon now", said Orvington, 'Open all ventilators.' These were opened and the fresh morning air blew in.

THE ANNUAL

"All windows shut," came the order, and they went shut with one accord.

"Start your motor," and the motor began to sing.

"Turn on the propeller," and the whole ship suddenly gave a lurch. Looking out of one of the windows Jones could see the earth fast fading from sight.

"Going some," he remarked and Orvington smiled.

All went well for half an hour. Then suddenly there was a jerk and the machine came to a sudden halt.

"What's the matter?" cried Orvington.

"Plane has become loose."

"What's needed?" asked Jones.

"Only a screw tightened but the one who tightens it must risk death," replied the engineer. "We are far from air now."

"I will try it," answered Jones, reaching for the screw-driver. "Where's the screw?"

"On the far end of the lower plane," the engineer answered, "near the corner."

Jones tied a handkerchief around his mouth and went out. He hurried because he knew very well how little time he had. He found the screw and tightened it. He then started back, but before he had gone half way he was reeling so that he could hardly stand. He finally reached the door. Orvington opened it and Jones stepped in. Then everything became black and he knew no more.

When he awoke they were on Mars. It was as the men had said, exceedingly hot. A man came in and said something that Jones could not understand. He was of a yellowish green color and rather short; of stout build and if it had not been for his color would have been rather handsome.

Orvington said if he were able they would go out of the house and look around. Jones said he was feeling fine but rather weak.

"Then you want to go?" asked Orvington.

"Certainly," replied Jones. The yellowish-green man led them out of the house and they found that they were in the mountains. The airship rested on the ground a little distance away.

"Look here," said Orvington, and stooping picked up a gold nugget of about the size of an egg. "Genuine gold, Jones, and has no other minerals in it. No doubt as to whether you will be rich now, is there?"

"I should say not," and Jones feeling exceedingly happy at this moment also picked up a nugget, but this was not so large as the one Orvington had shown him.

"It doesn't seem to me that you need any mining tools to get this out. It is much easier to just pick it out."

"Oh, I wanted the radium, which can only be found from solid rock. It is much more valuable than gold. My men are out locating a claim now. If you want gold you will find a basket in the house and pick up what we can carry back."

Jones immediately went back into the house and found the basket. He gathered nuggets until sunset when he surveyed the pile and set the value at millions.

"We cannot take all this back" said Orvington "But we can take enough to bring you about ten millions. That will be enough to last you awhile I guess."

"Well I should say so," answered Jones, "When do we start back?"

THE ANNUAL

"Oh, I think we had better start in about an hour. If you want to take that gold back you had better be loading it. You will find a trap door in the middle of the kitchen floor and the indicator on the wall will tell you when you have enough, that is, all we can carry."

Jones loaded the gold into the airship and soon afterwards they made the trip back to earth without a mishap.

Arriving on earth, Jones immediately took his gold from the ship and packed it in a large store box. After he had put in all he nailed the box up again and leaving Orvington to watch it went to get an express man. He soon returned and the express man went to lift it.

"Well what on earth have you got in there?" he asked in surprise, Jones gave him a smile and said he would go and get some more men and a truck. The box was loaded onto the wagon and the expressman was ordered to go to the First National Bank.

When they arrived the box was taken into the bank and the expressman was dismissed. The bank president was full of curiosity when he saw such a large box coming into his bank.

"What have you there?" he asked.

"Gold." Was the astonishing answer that he received.

"That's not all gold," the Banker returned. "You must be a lunatic. No one man in the whole world ever owned that much."

"Well perhaps he has some other metal that slightly resembles gold."

"No such thing," returned Jones coolly. He had expected this and was prepared for it. "Just wait a minute."

He finished opening the box and handed out one of the nuggets to the president.

"Please examine that will you?" Jones then asked him if he could deposit it for him. The banker said he could.

"Can you dispose of it for me? I will give you all you get above two millions. What do you think of my proposition?"

"Well from what is there I think there will be quite a sum over two millions. I think I will take the contract. I can sell it to the U. S. Government mint. They will give me full value. I will give you your money next Monday. Is that all-right?"

"Yes, I will probably bring more later and if you treat me honestly you will profit by it."

"Where are getting all this gold?"

"Well that is a secret but if you will promise to say nothing, I will tell you."

"I promise."

"Well to make a long story short, a man by the name of Orvington invented an airship that can sail to Mars. He formed a company and I belong to it. There are large quantities of gold on Mars and this is some of it."

Jones then left and went to the barn where his drill was kept. He immediately began to take it to pieces and by evening he had it all apart.

It took several trips to transfer it to Mars but everything went well and he soon had it put together again.

They started their mine and were soon taking radium out of the ground. Other

THE ANNUAL

men were taken into the company and today it is one of the richest companies on earth or Mars.

Jones is one of the wealthiest men alive. His fortune amounts to several billions. He now lives in one of the finest buildings in New York. Around the house are beautiful grounds. He has fountains situated all through them and one, looking across his grounds would think they were in one of the most beautiful parks in the world.

William Peterson, president of the steel foundry of Fountain sat in his office. There was very little business because the foundry was shut down and everything was strangely silent.

This was all because of the dishonesty of the president. He was the chief stockholder and when the other men of the company found that he was dishonest they withdrew from the company and this ruined the president for he did not have enough money to run it.

This morning he was looking at the New York Gazette to see if he could not find an advertisement that said "Man Wanted." His eye fell upon the following paragraph;—

"John Jennings Jones, the billionaire of ——— Street was married to Miss Elizabeth Hathaway, the only daughter of the president of the First National Bank.

Mr. Jones had loved Miss Hathaway ever since his youth but until he recently became rich had considered her above his reach, so far, that there was no hope for him. When he became rich he began to court her and about six months ago they became engaged.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones will live in the mansion, ——— Street. We all wish them a happy future.

"And to think that this is what comes to an honest man," said Peterson as he arose from his chair and putting on his hat started out in search of some position to keep him from starvation.

But here the pipe went out and John Jennings Jones was forced to strike another match.



THE ANNUAL



—PRIZES—

First Prize for Story	- -	GEORGE BIDDLE
Second Prize for Story	- -	WINIFRED ANGLE
First Prize for Poem	- -	GEORGE BIDDLE
Second Prize for Poem	-	REBEKAH McDANIEL
First Prize for Drawing	- -	HARRY HOLDSTEIN
Second Prize for Drawing	- - -	MARIE WEIL

THE ANNUAL





JOKES

Girls! Don't stop to talk in the halls! Go on! This is not the time to stop and ask Mary if your hat is on straight and Susie if you look pretty. Go on! Hurry up there!

As he sat there disconsolately with his book upside down in his hand, he wondered vaguely whom Mr. Hall was lecturing now. He didn't care though. He felt too bad to care about anything this morning. Well, it was all her fault anyway. She said the first and last word. Of course, he shouldn't have said what he did but—well, it was all her fault anyway. Maybe he would feel better if he went out into the halls and watched the people for awhile. He might "kind of" watch for her too, just to see if she looked sorry this morning.

Say, what was that awful thundering noise? Oh! It was just Vance Judson coming down the halls. His flute-case was tucked under his arm. It was funny how he walked with his feet at right angles and his head held so stiff and high. Well he guessed Vance was all right and that he was perfectly satisfied with himself.

There came Norman and Nellie. They looked even happier than ever this morning. He thought it must be "awful nice" to have a girl to walk to school with every morning. He wished she lived near enough that he could, but then, he believed he might get tired of the same girl every morning. It was a good thing that Norman didn't, because if he did, it would probably break Nellie's heart and he was sure that from all appearances Norman wouldn't do that for anything.

Who was that little fellow coming there? Oh, that was Bruce Cunningham, that little freshman. Such a walk! It reminded him of the words some one put to Lohengrin's Wedding March:

"HERE COMES THE BRIDE,
SEE HOW SHE WOBBLES FROM SIDE TO SIDE."

Of course, Bruce and the bride would have to change places and Bruce was "marching" at double quick time, but it described him pretty well.

There was William Friend. He was just the opposite of Bruce. Just look what terrific big steps he took and how far he swung his arms. He guessed that must be the Cleveland walk, that swinging the arms to knock people out of the way. He didn't believe he'd want to cultivate it though; it looked as if one thought too much of one's self.

THE ANNUAL

There was Lewis Baxter. What did Lewis remind him of? Oh, he knew, it was a rabbit just peeping over a brush heap before he decided to jump. He wondered too if Lewis' feet were as heavy as they seemed. He felt sorry for him if they were.

There came Rhea and Everett. Look! By the way she looks up at him, you would think she positively "adored" him. They were an awfully queer looking couple, Rhea so small and Everett so big, but many queer matches were made these days, and he guessed this was really going to be a match for he had heard that even the wedding day was set.

The fellow that was coming down there—he was actually the sleepest looking mortal that had ever been seen. He wondered if "Sleeping Jesus" had been out of bed very long. He certainly didn't look it at all. Why, even his walk was as sleepy looking as he himself.

There was Harry Holdstein. What a funny creature he was anyway. He believed Harry's way might be a convenient one to wear his hair for it would need slight combing. But he might get lazy and let his go altogether like Harry did. He was sure she wouldn't like it he didn't comb his hair. What a silly grin Harry had—it was getting to be a perpetual High School joke, just like Leonard Coulter's college (?) swagger.

Well, he guessed he must go back to his room because it was almost time for the tardy signal.

There was a whole bunch of girls coming in the east door, Kathleen McClane, Grace Kern, Lucille Gorham and a lot of others. He thought it was funny they didn't wear hats. He remembered he had heard that going without hats was good for the hair and that "rats" were the worst things. He thought it would be advisable for them to go without both, but he guessed that hats were too much trouble and that their hair looked like a "perfect fright" without rats.

Why there—there was his brother coming with her!! Oh, if he wouldn't make his brother pay for that, he would just give it to him good when he got home. She,—well she looked natural but he really believed she looked a little bit sorry. He wasn't going to let her see that he looked sorry, so he would hurry back into the room.

The next morning he wondered why he had ever felt so bad. Why, they had made it up just as nice as anything last night. She had even said she had never been mad but was just teasing him. Now he didn't care if she walked to school with another fellow every day, because ——— oh, it was most awful hard to keep, but he wasn't going to tell a single person.



THE ANNUAL

The Evolution of a Cabbage Head



Freshman



Sophomore



Junior



Senior

—GRINDS—

Miss Simpson—What was one of George Eliots best known works?
R. Jelliff—Middlebranch.

Helen Weber has informed us that Dickens always wished to be an actress.

Those glasses make you look awfully intelligent.
R. Hursh— (Answering,) Powerful,aren't they?

From appearances around M. H. S. the short trousers seem to be again in vogue. Although not as short as knee length, yet they will soon be there, as they are constantly growing shorter. These observations can be made by watching J. Cox, V. Judson, A. Tappan, and W. Friend.

Mary Frederick just dotes on martin and high collars.

Oh! I'm not really bashful,
I'm only just not bold,
I don't think that it's proper
To mix when you're not told.
And the girls are so funny,
You never really know,
If they wish you'd stay forever,
Or they're hoping you would go.
So I've given up the problem,
And I guess I'd better wait,
And then try it in earnest,
Perhaps at twenty-eight.

—Howard MacDaniel,

THE ANNUAL

"Listen to the angels sing"—Glee Club.

Mr. Marting in commercial law, have you any case in mind?

Hazel Lapham—Yes Sir, I always have.

SNATCHES OF GIRL'S TALK, HEARD IN PASSING THROUGH THE CORRIDORS

Did you see her hair? I wonder, now, why some people can't use taste in—

She's going to wear messaline-empire, of all things, now if—

They say he's simply wild about her—but she's perfectly disgusting. Why Howard told—

No of course he didn't ask me, do you think any girl would refuse a fellow? Well not if Jimmy—

Oh yes, we had a grand time. Martin was there, and Mr. Baldwin took—

Well I can't see why you don't like this hat. Why Russell told me—

They sat in a corner all evening, and Miss Moore looked to see—

It is a rather pretty color, and Frank said that it was rather becom—

Aren't some of the boys' in this school just awful? We heard that—

SNATCHES OF BOYS' TALK AS HEARD IN M. H. S. HALLS.

We could have beat 'em by a mile. Our team was better in every way. If it hadn't been for—

Gee whiz! I've lost the ticket for the game. What'll Rhea say if—

Whew! But he did get stung. Lois just—

I tell you he ought to be on the team, why the way he can steam them over the plate—

He's a mess I'll bet two bits that he—

Say you don't suppose you could add a dollar to the one I borrowed from Jell—

We're putting up a little game at the gym. Be sure—

Aw, come on—it'll only cost—

No. I don't go out calling yet. Sure girls are all right and they think I'm great, but—

Gee, I'd like to go, but I haven't got the—

From the immortal William—"Care killed a cat"—George Blecker.

Farewell to my greatness—Mark Bell.

Lives and dies in single blessedness—Howard Mac.

Loves to hear himself talk—Archibald.

Man delights not me—Helen Weber.

Miss Garrison—Give a description of the personal appearance of Alexander Hamilton.

Josephine L.—He wore a bald head.

Examination questions:

If a Junior girl wears two rats and a Senior girl three, should the High School support a cat or buy a trap.

If all the gum chewed in one day was made into overshoes, would the price of rubber go down?

THE ANNUAL

Oh, little boys' of Junior class
What makes you look so sour ?
We know you are so big and brave
Why, then, at nice girls glower ?
But, they, you say, are stubborn for——
They would choose the class colors ?
So you didn't get blue and white,
And you just hate the others ?
But little Junior boys' don't cry
Of course, the girls repent
And next time get them on your side,
And trouble then prevent.

Miss Reuss—He was filled with mishappiness.

I do not care for pretty girls
And cannot bear their rats and curls,
But although you at this may jest
In Football I am at my best.

—E. Pollock

Why didn't they call one of the Pecht twins Pete, and the other Repeat.

She likes to tease, as well as please;
The best of life she always sees.

—Lena Johnson

Janitor—(to Mr. Hall): What kind of gin do you like best ?

Mr. Hall—Holland !

Go to Cox and Oswalt for new styles in neckwear.

'Tis well known that I love Margaret the best
But when she's not around I'll take one of the rest.

—Vance.

Miss Abbott—(to Freshman hurrying out the door): I don't want you to go before you leave.

Why does Marguerite Bricker have such an interest in the reign of Charles ?

Heaven doth know
I love her so.

—Edward thinking of Rachael

Wanted—Someone to tell Clarence Martin who the poet Anonymous is.

Mr. Marting—What is the correct salutation to be given to a woman ?

Edith L.—Dear.

Wanted—To know if Rhea Martin enjoyed the basket ball games.

THE ANNUAL

She is so young and happy
So careless and so free,
She says, I care for nobody
And nobody cares for me.

— Naomi Long.

Mr. Baldwin — James what is the authority for the theorem just stated ?

James—If a line is perpendicular to a plane, it is perpendicular to the line
drown through its feet.

Miss Moore—Glue your eyes to the board.

Hazel Mc—They offered it to King Elizabeth.

H. Schmitzer—Used to play with the Jack of Hearts, but now she plays with
that heart of Jack's

We never knew Miss Ruess knew so much about cases, until we began Her-
mann and Dorothea.

Vernon Kern—I wonder what we'll wear in heaven.

F. Painter—I know what I'll wear if I see you there.

Vernon Kern—What?

F. Painter—A surprised look.

Winifred Angle—It was a triangular square.

It is not bliss to miss a kiss,
But oh! 'tis bliss to kiss a miss.
But sometimes after you have kissed her,
You wish to thunder you had missed her.

—A. Tappan.

Of two evils, the less is always to be chosen.—Leonard Painter

I have to go down and get a check cashed and to go to Cleveland tonight and
buy an automobile. Who does it sound like.

Rules Found in the Boys Editorial Room—Take Heed.

Notice—These rules are here published for the first time to assist future
freshman classes.

When a senior comes around soliciting money, pay as much as you can for
you will be a senior some day.

Chewing gum is only permitted in the study rooms, but no gum is to be left
under the seats even there.

Seniors should be shown proper respect for you must remember that they are
older than you.

When having your picture taken, expand your chest and look important. It
won't cost any more.

THE ANNUAL

Be careful in the Spring lest some of the marbles in your pocket should come out with your handkerchief and cause a racket.

Don't fly kites in the school ground.

If anything don't suit you raise a big howl for you may have a chance to do better soon.

Bob B., Allen T. concerning R. E.

Love is sweet, but oh, how bitter
To court a girl and then not git her.

I like Vance and he likes me,
I rather like Martin but we cannot agree;
Now I got my advice from Feidler Paul,
I'll take Charles S. and settle it all.

—Josephine Benson.

Vulah G.—I don't see how the Freshman can keep their little caps on their head.

Mark B.—Vacuum pressure.

Rhea is awfully generous.
What does she give away?
All the secrets she knows.

Wanted—A new dictionary for George Biddle.

The editor of grinds Helen Brown
Asked me to write some renown
But the best I can try
Is about Howard and I.

—Margaret T

Hazel Hammett—(in German.) They brought their wives in baskets.

Lorrian Cook—Amateurs are connected in series.

Prof. Marting—Don't be afraid of football, the game only lasts 40 minutes.

Buster Henry—But how long do I last

Everybody come.

Mark Bell and Leonard Coulter are going to see which one can keep absolutely still for 3 minutes.

Mr. Davey—Does anyone want to ask a question.

Jasper P.—What time is it ?

Perhaps these jokes are old
And should be on the shelf
If you can do it better
Send in a few yourself.

THE ANNUAL

M. H. S. ADVERTISEMENTS.

<p>Physical Culture— Prof. Edward Palmer—I guarantee to teach anyone how to develop like film, how to scramble like an egg, and to wrestle with temptation.</p>	<p>Send me 2 cents in stamps, and I will mail you my little booklet containing the addresses of all marriageable people belonging to this agency. Matrimonial Agency —Blanche Miller Box 6 Alta, O.</p>	<p>Try Blecker's Sleep Tablets, if you are troubled with insomnia. Dr. John Blecker, Bellville, Ohio.</p>
<p>For this coupon and ten cents I will send a paper which points out the difference between Merz and I. —Merle Pecht.</p>	<p>Notice to Junior Boys —There are still a few Freshman girls who are not taken. As the season is nearly over they will go cheap.</p>	<p>I wish to state that all reports saying I will be married before I finish High School are false. —Everett Runyan.</p>
<p>Wealthy gentleman desires to correspond with a refined widow. Object matrimony. No triflers wanted. Address James Carrigan, 264 Euclid Ave. Cleveland, Ohio.</p>	<p>I wish to thank all Physics classes for their behavior during the year. —Wheeler Pedler Davey</p>	<p>To the public— I wish to announce myself as candidate for any or all offices next year. Think this over during the summer. —Archie Nixon.</p>
<p>Wanted — Someone to ask Mr. Baldwin if he likes cider. —His Geometry classes</p>	<p>Wanted to know—What new playthings Lewis Baxter wants for X-mas</p>	<p>Found—A sure cure for blistering caused by too much beauty cream. —Hazel McCormick.</p>

THE ANNUAL

Prof Hall,—(to George Blecker:) You poor object of humanity. Can't you keep out of trouble?

George— But I wasn't in that scrape.

Prof. Hall—That doesn't matter, you would have been, if you had known about it.

That human riddle—George Biddle

Freshie:—Who ran to catch me when I fell?

Who would some pretty story tell?

Or kiss the place to make it well?

My Mamma.

A jolly bunch of humanity—Inez McKee.

Hazel McCormick thinks she will go to Michigan and become a tailor. (Taylor)

Heard in Physics—Lorrian Cook to Herbert Ditwiler—Don't be so boisterous.

Miss Aberle—What are you laughing at, Helen (W)

Helen—Nothing.

Miss Aberle—Then don't look at me.

At High School here I met a girl
Who set my head all in a whirl,
As I would gaze into her eyes,
Many schemes I would devise,
How in the course of one short year,
I could win her, Josephine dear.

Chas. Stecker.

Miss Jenner—What are they going to do at the Panama Canal.

Harry Holdstein—Put water in it.

Vance Judson—If I had known that tunnel was so long, I would have given you a good hug.

Lucille G.—Didn't you? Why, somebody did.

Why must I always puzzle so,
Kathleen and Helen both want to go,
If I take one the other feels bad,
This will surely drive me mad.

Tom Scott.

Harold Creveling—I wonder what kind of a town Mt. Vernon is? I'd hate to live in some small village.

It looked strange to see Charles Stevenson and Helen Enos start taking dancing lessons in the same class.

Cave, Cave, he is always very mum,
But after dark, he's on a lark,
With a girl from the Orpheum

THE ANNUAL

Some songs that hit.

Gee, this is a lonesome town—George Blecker

And the wind blew—Leonard Coulter.

It's Great to be Crazy—Russell Bissman.

Let It Alone—Mark Bell.

Honey Boy—Lorrian Cook.

Because I'm Married Now—Carl Oberlin.

No Wedding Bells For Me—Archie Nixon.

Oh, You Can't Be a Friend To Everybody—Mr. Hall.

Smarty--Dio Shaw.

Mother, Pin a Rose On Me—John Sheets.

Always In The Way—Tardy Signal.

Goodbye, Sweet Marie—Harold Creveling, Robert Shireman.

I Want Someone To Call Me Dearie—Wm. Friend.

Happy Heine—Ethel McFarland.

Blow The Smoke Away—M. H. S. Boys.

Whose Little Girlie Are You—Ruth Ackerman.

Nothing From Nothing Leaves You—Freshman.

Prof. Davey--The Physics classes will come over to High School at 7 o'clock tonight to watch sparks.

Girls—In the dark?

Leo Mc--Sure, you wouldn't want to spark where everyone could see you.

Have courage, Harold, and do not fret,
For some day, you and I, you bet,
Will take the pennies we have won,
And pay our way to Mt. Vernon.

—Marie Weil.

Wm. Black (speaking of Ed Palmer)—We used to lie there and talk for hours.
I would talk and Ed would lie.

Robert Shireman (translating)—He was runnin' fast.

Miss Ruess—Don't forget your "g" Robert.

Robert—Gee, he was runnin' fast.

THE ANNUAL



Little lines of Latin
Little lines of scan
Make a mighty Virgil,
And a crazy man.

Carl Oberlin (in Latin)—His mother chased him across the scene.

When Wm. Friend can't think of the correct Latin word, in his prose sentences, he puts in a German word.

That clever comedian—Herbert Ditwiler.

B O O—Mark Bell.

When he dies, will Lorrian Cook?

Tom Scott (to Howard Harding)—Did you have your girl at the Opera House last night.

Howard—You don't expect me to take a girl up in peanut heaven, do you?

Well, when Walter (O.) puts Pompeian on,
With collar stiff and high,
You'd think he came from Harvard,
To see him passing by.

Prof. Hall—Great Scott, I wish those Freshmen would stop yelling in the auditorium.

Miss Aberle—That is the H. S. Quartet.

THE ANNUAL

LATEST BOOKS OUT.

<p>Advice to Married Men. (By Carl Oberlin)</p> <p>The author because of his experience feels able to give the subject his best efforts.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">\$2 49</p>	<p>1909 Joke Book (Herbert Ditwiler)</p> <p>Contains all the favorite jokes, connundrums and stories of the above comedian. Positively his best work.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">\$ 08</p>	<p>Fellows (By Nellie Meily)</p> <p>The subject is taken up very fully; and will be most interesting to young ladies.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">\$ 39</p>
<p>Not Given a Chance (By Helena Hagerty)</p> <p>A very sad story which shows the hostility shown to some really clever people.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">\$1.22</p>	<p>Innocence (By Marie Weil)</p> <p>This book we assure is written by a very clever and competent person who is perfectly familiar with what she says.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">\$.67</p>	<p>Useful Information (By Judd Colwell)</p> <p>Contains a great variety of topics.</p> <p>Two chapters on "How to Fool the Teachers." A long article on "Hav-a Good Time."</p>
<p>Making of an Actress (By Ruth Gadsby)</p> <p>All theatrically inclined people should read this delightful book.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">10c</p>	<p>Secrets (By Marjorie Glover, Kathleen Hosler.)</p> <p>Should be secured by all lovers of fun, for it contains a description of all parties and socials managed by the authors.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">\$8 00</p>	<p>Athletics (By Chauncey Gates)</p> <p>Because of the desire to be in all athletic contests, has not found time until now, to write an account of his many adventures and achievements. A very good seller.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">\$4 in Calf</p>
<p>Why I Distrust Girls (By Lorrian Cook)</p> <p>The author gives many remarkable ideas, and makes known many of his pet theories in regard to girls.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">\$1.00</p>	<p>Breaking Into Society (By William Friend)</p> <p>Very thrilling</p> <p style="text-align: center;">\$.04</p>	<p>Lives of Great Men. (By James Carrigan)</p> <p>Among those mentioned are George Biddle, John Sheets, Vernon Kern and Mark Bell.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">44c</p>

THE ANNUAL

L. Irwin is going to the coast and settle down with a Seaman.

They tear their hair
And rack their brains
And know not what to do,
They cannot rest
Until the best
Of things are got for you.
—The Staff.



What make of automobile does Robert Carrigan resemble—The Rambler.

OUR LEADING SHOWS.

The Red Mill—High School Building.
Three Twins—Miss Feldner, Emma and Marie.
The Blue Mouse—A cousin to the High School rats.
The Honeymoon Trail—Our path homeward, Everett and Rhea.
The Gallopers—Ye Frisky Freshies.
Paid in full—Ye Truant Juniors.
The Runaways—Allan Tappan, H. Creveling.
Miss Innocece—Edna Endley.
The Devil—Judd Cox.
M'lle Mischief—Ruth Elliott.
The Man from Home—Cecil Sampsell.
Merry Widow—Marie Kuebler.
Polly the Circus—Blanch Miller.
Adrift in New York—Walter Harbeson.

On the Freshmen girls, I cast my eyes,
On the Sophmores fair, and the Juniors wise,
But the only girl who pleases me,
Is the fairest one, dear Lottie B.

Russell Jeliff.

Mr. Marting—Are you the colored boy who plays foot-ball ?
Boyd Hicks—No, Sir, I am not colored. I was born that way.

Lois Tappan—(To Street Car Conductor.) At which end of the car shall I get off ?

Conductor—Either end. They both stop.

Kiss a Freshman and she calls it faith. Kiss a Sophmore, and she calls it hope.
a Junior would call it charity.

He boasts most every day,
For he was born that way.

Jay Thuma

She wouldn't do a mean act,
Or practice a deception,
But with a case of mumps,
She stopped a whole reception.

Rebekah MacDaniel.

THE ANNUAL

I wonder why she always goes,
To all the dances and the shows,
The answer is, I suppose,
Because she has so many beaux.

Marie Kuebler

An Agreeable Companion—Judd Colwell.

T'is often strange what men will do,
When they are feeling very blue,
One day Carl didn't look at me,
From half-past-two, 'till ten of three.

Irene K.

John Sheets—If Pollock hadn't been my friend, I'd have played quarterback this year, but I knew how bad he would feel if he didn't make the team.

When Ed. Longsdorf leaped from the mass,
And safely caught the forward pass,
We yelled and eased up our joints,
For that would mean a few more points.

How could you tell Miss Felger was a teacher?

Marie Marks—She snapped her fingers at the street car when she tried to stop it.

Just wait 'till I am a Senior, I'll make them sit up and take notice.

—James Wendling.

FAVORITE MAXIMS.

Smile and be happy—Ellen McLean.
Early to bed, early to rise, etc.—Helen Cline.
All work and no play makes a dull boy—William Bowers.
If you don't know; guess—Margaret Tanner.
Some men achieve greatness, etc.—John Fribly.
The tardy signal waits for no man—Martin Jelliff.
Honor and fame from no condition rise—Albert Fielder.
Ounce of prevention worth all of cure—Mr. Hall.
A gift is always acceptable—Foot Ball Team.
Love is love's reward—Miss Moore and her pupils.
Appearances are deceitful—A few Seniors.
Go slow, but be sure—Elizabeth Pfenning.
Penny saved is a penny earned—James Wendling.
Silence is golden—Helen Brown.
Ignorance is bliss—Allan Tappan.
Two is company; three is a crowd—Roger and Kathleen.
All comes to him who waits—Don Willis.
Who steals my purse steals trash—Jay Thuma.

Lost—A large Pearl belonging to Anna Sulzer. Finder will be rewarded.

What are lines of thought?

Wrinkles on the forehead.

THE ANNUAL

VAUDEVILLE.

PERFORMANCE AT 8:30 AND 1:00 P. M.

Musical Director, - - - - - Will Black
Manager of Stage, - - - - - Charles Stevenson
Scene Hands - Jasper Pittenger and Lewis Baxter
Curtain Raiser - - - - - Raymond Lantz
Watchman - - - - - George Blecker
Ushers - - - - - Norman Stoodt and Tom Scott

-
1. The Famous Comedian,
LEONARD COULTER
With a new line of stories, jokes and poems collected in a tour of
Shiloh, Lucas and Galion.
-
2. JUD COX
In his clog dancing.
See him shake 'em up. Alone worth price of admission.
-
3. Boxing exhibition.
GEORGE LEONARD VERNON KERN
Although outweighed by several pounds, Mr. Leonard expects by his
quickness to win the contest.
-
4. Song—Yama, Yama Man
LEE HOFFMAN, Basso.
-
5. MOVING PICTURES
Horse Race—Frank Painter and Byron McCready
Casey at the bat. —Emmett Casey
-
6. Just Nigger Talk.
By WALTER OSWALT.
-
7. 1,000 Hearty Laughs.
Solo—Where is my Wandering Boy Tonight.—Floy Campbell.
(Miss Campbell made a great hit at Ashland.)
-
- 8; Music by Senior Class.
We hate to go, but we think it is going to rain.

THE ANNUAL

Jay Thuma—You fellows must have a snap in the editorial room.

John Morgan—Yes, whenever Hall gets excited he makes for our room, because we are the nearest, and he knows he can always find trouble there.

Prof. Marting was heard to remark that he would flunk all foot-ball men in his classes, so they could be on the team next year.

We can tell the freshman by their looks,
We can tell the Sophmores by their grins,
We can tell the Juniors by their books,
And the Seniors' by their pins.



OUR LEADING MAGAZINES

Everybody's—Marjorie Glover.

The Outlook—A gloomy senior year without Marie—Harold Creveling.

The World's Work—Training Walter Harbeson for athletics.

Scientific American—Howard Harding.

The Blue Book—Teacher's Grade Book.

Of all the world and its precious joys,
The pleasure I seek is to talk to boys,
And try my best to make a hit,
But I don't seem to succeed a bit.

Mary Berry.

James Wendling, while walking up Main Street, saw a negro go into the candy Store. He remarked, well there goes a chocolate drop into the Sugar Bowl.

I'd rather be right than President, but I'm always left.

Albert Fiedler

Do you suppose Howard MacDaniel could get along if his hand was cut off?
I guess so. They said he was very good at shorthand.

THE ANNUAL

You have been eating onions.

Ted Oberlin—How do you know? I haven't breathed it to a soul.

A man jumped in the river and committed suicide. They say there was a woman at the bottom of it.
—Roger Au.

Walter Oswalt should get a position in a bank, handling money. He never has any objection to leaving town.

Of girls I am not fond,
With them I do not shine,
Give me a good old book,
To pass away the time.

Don Willis.

Helen Jennings—Why don't those hungry tramps go to the Sandwich Islands?

Mr. Baldwin—(To Paul Fiedler.) Have you that problem?

Paul—Yes.

M. B.—From whom did you get it?

A writer of prose,
With its joys and woes.

Winifred Angle.

What is don't, the abbreviation of?

Marie Evans—Doughnut.

THINGS THAT SOMETIMES HAPPEN.

The quartet sings an entire piece.

Prof. Hall feels good.

Dio Shaw keeps quiet.

Helen Lemon gets to school on time.

Elizabeth Pfenning speaks to a young man.

James Carrigan pays his athletic dues.

Ethel McFarland sometimes giggles.

Emma Warring recites in latin,

Hazel Lapham chews gum.

Ikena Lindley goes on the stage.

Sadie Netting walks to school with Bob Shireman.

Oscar Schaller takes a nap.

Will Hagenaur thinks about the girls.

Jay Thuma gets inquisitive and boastful.

Hen. Endly with his cowboy ways
Has now returned before our gaze.

Why does Clare Mc. think of being a nurse?

Because there are so many wards in a hospital.

John Sheets worked in a wool factory this summer,

Well that accounts for the loss of his hair.

A bright star always shines—Earl Pollock



THE ANNUAL



And she answered when he asked her,
Would she kindly with him go,
To the Junior class reception,
In the happy moonlight glow.
Yes, she answered, did this maiden,
With her eyes so brown and deep,
In the dusky High School Building,
Will I faithful promise keep.

H. H. & H. H.

D. Miller—A straight angle is a right angle flattened out

Short but sweet—Georgie Edwards.

A favorite song of C. Stecker's, "Josephine My Joe."

Lawrence Hughes (to Miss Abbott after mid-term reports came out)—I guess
I'm the fairest boy in this High school.

M. H. S. FAVORITES

R. Jelliff's favorite twig—Branch

J. Super's favorite article of apparel—Glove(r)

T. Scott's favorite servant—Hosler

N. Stoodt's favorite distance—Meil(y)

E. Endly's favorite hiding place—Cave

R. Hursh's favorite friend—William

K. McClane's favorite exclamation—Au

H. Eichleberger's favorite author—Scott

The Alpha Tappa Keg Fraternity failed to install a chapter in Mansfield High School. Some think Mr. Hall was instrumental in its failure—Eighteen fellows lost 25c, our first dues.

Ellen McLean—I had my fortune told by a chiropodist.

Grocery Keeper (where Miss Moore was buying apples)—What kind of apples do you prefer, Miss Moore?

Miss Moore—Why, Baldwin of course!

Two little Freshies

Arthur and Faye

Sit and talk the entire day.

The entire Garrison is stationed on the second floor, in the southeast corner of the building.

Four years ago we had a band
Which made the tired student stand;
But now the band to make us sore
Is the band of the Pompadour.

Robert Shireman is continually saying Weil for while in his conversation.

Girls Attention:—Judd Super always sends flowers. Ask Marjorie.

THE ANNUAL

M. H. S. DIARY

- Sept. 14, 1908—School commenced. Many terrified Freshmen about the halls.
Sept. 24, 1908—Was very cold outside. Mr. Hall made it very warm within.
Oct. 2, 1908—Nobody fell down stairs.
Oct. 20, 1908—No school as Bryan spoke in city.
Oct. 30, 1908—Senior Rhetoricals. Speeches for Bryan and Taft.
Nov. 9, 1908—Football team has pictures taken and coach almost forgot Marshall.
Nov. 10, 1908—Blanche Miller came to school without a stick of gum.
Nov. 13, 1908—Teachers visited Detroit.
Nov. 25, 1908—Physics class went to Waterworks.
Nov. 26, 1908—Thanksgiving Alumni Football Game.
Dec. 14, 1908—Marjorie Glover didn't get an excuse.
Dec. 16, 1908—Explosion in Physics. Mr. Davey uninjured.
Dec. 18, 1908—M. H. S. Basketball beat Galion, 102-0.
Dec. 17, 1908—Books were missing from desks and finally located in Miss Aberle's room.
Jan. 6, 1909—Emma Waring nearly made a mistake in Latin. Probably due to Xmas vacation.
Jan. 7, 1909—Annual Staff elected by Senior class.
Jan. 9, 1909—Alverda Armstrong didn't get confused in German class.
Jan. 20, 1909—Many students sleepy because of Y. M. C. A. show, Parada.
Jan. 25, 1909—Mid-year exams started. Everybody happy (?)
Feb. 1, 1909—Mr. Leppo lost his box of matches, and there was no school, the rooms being cold.
Feb. 2, 1909—Staff reported in Editorial room.
Feb. 5, 1909—After three attempts the H. S. quartet sang "Common Sense" for the Seniors.
Feb. 12, 1909—Lincoln's Birthday exercises.
Feb. 15, 1909—Staff got to all classes.
Feb. 23, 1909—Basketball team won championship at Delaware Tournament.
Feb. 26, 1909—Small party in Boy's Editorial Room. Mr. Hall came without an invitation.
Mar. 3 1909—Mid-term reports received with "Joy."
Mar. 8, 1909—Physics classes watched sparks in the evening at the High school.
Mar. 12, 1909—Annual warning to boys not to interfere with the Junior and Senior reception.
Mar. 26, 1909—Martin Jelliff got to school on time.
April 16, 1909—Junior and Senior reception.

George Biddle, the great Socialist in one of his speeches is said to have remarked: "Look at the condition of the working man. The tinnners are up the spout; the plumbers are in the gutter; the paper hangers are up against the wall; the bakers have to raise the dough; the shoemakers have to work on their uppers and they get waxed in the end; the clockmakers are run on tick, and are never on time; the washwoman is always in soak and she is the only one you see hanging out on the line.

THE ANNUAL

There's Kathleen, Marjorie, Marguerite,
Clara Belle and Jeanette sweet
Ruth, Lucille, Dorothy neat,
Who make a crowd that's hard to beat.
As Freshies they now make their way;
Are in some fuss every day;
They make Hall's head grow nearly gray;
Here's hoping they have come to stay.

I am afraid I must confess
To many scrapes in M. H. S.
But he who don't have any sins
Is not worth a row of pins.

—Harold Bloor.

When Raymond Lantz was playing baseball, someone hit him with an egg.
He immediately yelled fowl.

It cannot be
You've failed to see
That Ruth is
My affinity.

—Will Friend.

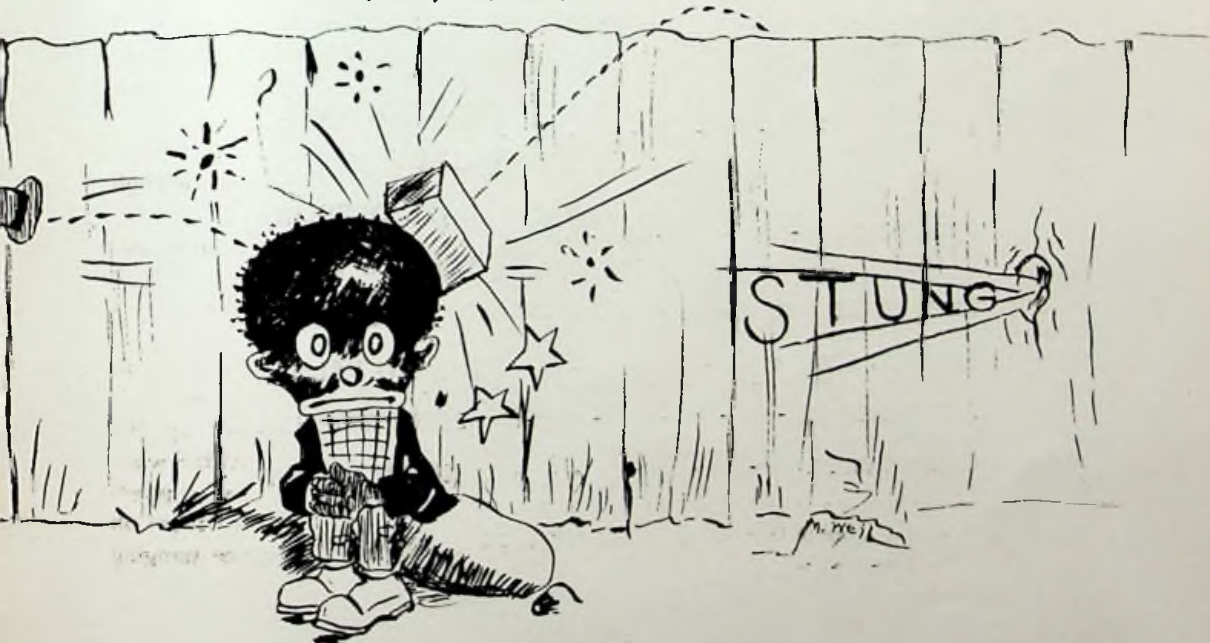
When I marry I want a wife like an almanac, so I can get a new one every year.—James Leonard.

Byron McCready—It's lots of fun to be a farmer and see the grasshoppers making grass, the buttercups making butter, and the bumblebees making bums.

A Pupil—Mr. Beckett the boys call me big head.

Mr. Beckett—Don't worry. There is nothing in it.

Judd Colwell (in Physics)—why make the short one longer than the long one.



THE ANNUAL



STAFF

EDITORS	-	-	-	-	-	{	MARY DUNHAM
						{	REBA ACKERMAN
MANAGERS	-	-	-	-	-	{	CARL OBERLIN
						{	WILLIAM BLACK
LITERARY EDITOR	-	-	-	-	-		DON WILLIS
ATHLETIC EDITOR	-	-	-	-	-		EDWARD PALMER
ART EDITOR	-	-	-	-	-		JOHN MORGAN
GRIND EDITOR	-	-	-	-	-		HELEN BROWN

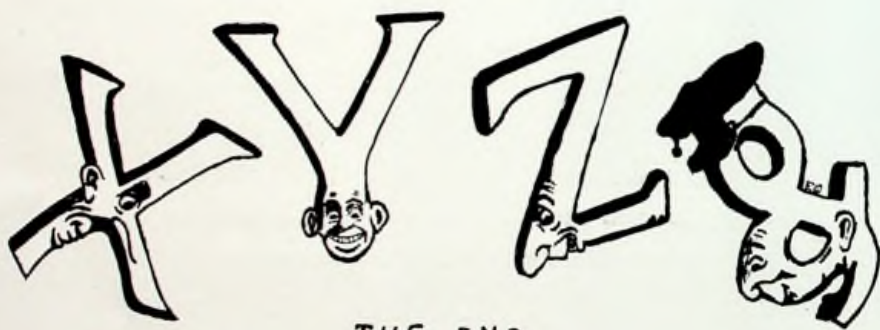
LE FIN

As o'er his female stone the sculptor gazed,
And at her beauty and his skill stood 'mazed
His admiration lost itself in love
Then worshiped her as tho 'twas one above.

Thus feels the staff about this simple writ,
Our work and pains have passed; we've finished it.
Here now she stands complete to grace our view
In love we are with her, we lovers true.



THE ANNUAL



THE END



The Young Men's Christian Association

45 PARK AVE. WEST.



INTERMEDIATES.

ESTABLISHED by the Christian people of Mansfield for the young men of the city.

MANAGED by a Board of Directors of fifteen business men.

SUPPORTED by the fee paid by members and contributions made by more than 250 friends.

THE EXECUTIVE OFFICERS are men experienced and trained in Y. M. C. A. work.

ITS AIM to furnish a means of SOCIAL, INTELLECTUAL, and SPIRITUAL improvement and recreation.

THE MEMBERSHIP includes men of all ages and occupations and boys above 8 years of age.

THE FEES are graded so as to make it possible for every one who wishes to join.

ITS EQUIPMENT is as good as any city in the state for its size. The Gymnasium, Game Rooms, Reading Room, Recitation Rooms, Assembly Room, and Auditorium furnish means for every sort of activity.



SWIMMING POOL.

SPECIAL PRICES TO ALL STUDENTS AND TEACHERS.

—BAKER—

PHOTOGRAPHER.

The Studio where photographs that look like you come from.

See our new styles of Brown.

Teacher—What figure of speech
is, "I love my teacher?"

Pupil—"Sarcasm."

"May I print a kiss upon your lips?"

I said, and she looked her sweet
permission;

So we went to press

And I rather guess

We printed a full edition.

"You might ask your mistress if
she is at home."

"It's no use, sir, she saw you
coming."

Fair Passenger — "Won't you
have a paper, sir?"

Hoggly—"Why-er, what makes
you offer me a paper?"

Fair Passenger—"I thought you
would be more comfortable, while
women are standing, if you could
hide your face."

Chafing Dishes.



Forks and Spoons,

Five O'clock Teas,

Copper and Nickel Trays,

Alcohol Flagons, Alcohol Stoves.

**The Bare Bros.-Martin
Hardware Co.**



S. ENGWILLER,

GRADUATE
OPTICIAN,

Eyes Examined,
Glasses Fitted,
Satisfaction Guaranteed,

98 N. Main St., Mansfield, O.

**BLACK'S
SODA—
FOUNTAIN**

Graduates with the
Highest Averages
"Always."

Black's Pharmacy,
On the Square.

Both Phones. 8 S. Main St.

JOHN H. BRISTOR,
Dentist,

2 1/2 South Main St..

MANSFIELD, - OHIO.

Father—"How is it, sir, that I
find you kissing my daughter? An-
swer me, sir, how is it?"

Youngman—"Fine, sir, fine!"

Lives of foot ball men remind us
That they write their names in
blood

And, departing, leave behind them
Half their faces in the mud.

T. Girl From Exchange—"Num-
ber, please?"

E. L. [snappishly]—"How many
you think I got, you impudent
thing."

BICYCLES

If you want a Bicycle with
Coaster Brake
fully guaranteed for

\$25.00

then go to

W. C. HERING'S,

The Old Reliable Dealer,
26 E. Fourth Street.

REPAIRING.

Geo. W. Zellner,

—For—

**HARNESS and
HORSE GOODS.**

Also our nice line of RIDING SADDLES
and LIGHT DRIVING HARNESS.

Our TAN LINES and BRIDLES
for the summer are just right.

69-71 DIAMOND ST.,

MANSFIELD CITY.

❧ Young Mens' Suits ❧



Copyright 1909 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

If you appreciate smart styles,
excellent tailoring and
perfect fit

**You're the Chap
we want to see.**

We've some snappy creations in
"Hart, Schaffner & Marx"
and "Clothcraft" that the
young man that knows
will appreciate.

HATS and FURNISHINGS ❧
to make the outfit complete
are here.

COOK'S.

Onward, Senior pupils,
Up to Physic's class,
There to meet your trials--
Be steady to the last.

We are not divided,
All our woe have we,
One in fear and trembling,
But strong in unity.

Onward, faithful Seniors,
March with bated breath,
Crying, "We must finish,"
Though it cost our death.

THE BEST GIFT

for a young man is an accurate time
piece. Time is money. Every boy
above ten should have a reliable
watch and learn the value of a
minute.

The Best Gift for Ladies is
a Diamond Ring, Pins,
Brooches, Locketts,
Bracelets, a Comb,
etc., at prices that
will please you.

Andrew Paulo,

9 Park Ave. West,

MANSFIELD, O.

CHAS. E. MARTIN & BROS.

Slate, Tin, Tile and Composition Roofers,

Metal Ceilings, Galvanized Iron and Copper Cornice,

Warren's Anchor Brand Asphalt Roofing,

Galvanized Iron Spouting, it out-lasts Steel, at a small additional cost.

No. 36 SOUTH PARK STREET.

The **SARATOGA**

—FOR—

Cigars

AND

Tobacco.

POOL and
BILLIARDS.

Scores of all Ball Leagues.

78 N. MAIN ST.

Stranger—"Do you know a man around here with only one leg, named Jones?"

Freshie—"What is the other leg named?"

Tom [To Pat, who is painting a barn]—"Hey, Pat, what are you painting so fast for?"

Pat—"Aw, I want to get through before moi paint gives out."

"Pat, can you understand French?"

"Yes, if it's shpoke in Oirish."

Latest Spring Styles

—IN—

W. L. Douglas'

\$3.50=\$4.00

Shoes.

J. DOERMAN.

INSURE YOUR PROPERTY

WITH

Cook & Tracy.

First-Class Companies.

Prompt settlement of losses.

Office over Mansfield Savings Bank.

BOTH PHONES 289.

WILLIAM DICE, DRUGGIST,

46 West Park Ave., MANSFIELD, OHIO.

Agent for the

Original ALLEGRETTI CHOCOLATE CREAMS
and CHOCOLATE ALMONDS.

**Building Season is on
get our prices on**

**Builders'
Supplies
before placing
your order.**

We also handle best grades of

HARD and SOFT

COAL.

VOEGELE BROS.,

199 N. Main St.

Either Phone 34.

"Aspire to grater things," said
the Nutmeg.

"Make light of everything," said
the Fire.

"Make much of small things,"
said the Microscope.

"Never do anything off-hand,"
said the Glove.

"Spend much time in reflection,"
said the Mirror.

"Do the work you are suited
for," said the Flue.

"Get a good pull with the string,"
said the Door Bell.

"Be sharp in your dealings,"
said the Knife.

"Find a good thing and stick to
it," said the Glue.

"Trust to your stars for success,"
said the Night.

"And strive to make a good im-
pression," ends the Seal.

C. H. Snyder,

DENTIST,

Y. M. C. A. Building.

MANSFIELD, OHIO.

**Hunt's
News
Depot.**

Cigars.

Candy.

**One Million
Post Cards.**

Magazines.

Newspapers.

BASE BALL SCORES.

BONAR & HARDING,

INSURANCE

102 BIRD BUILDING.

Both Phones.

The _____
Albrecht-Lapham
Clothing Co.,

ONE
PRICE
CLOTHING
STORE,

Cor. Fourth and Main Streets,
 MANSFIELD, OHIO.

The **Chas. Ritter Co.**

Headquarters for

Athletic Goods,
 Books and
 Magazines,
 School Supplies.

MANSFIELD SUGAR BOWL.

We are always in front when you
 want purity and perfection in

CANDY and ICE CREAM.

57 North Main Street.

Bird Building.

Mans. Phone 1305-Y.

W. F. VOEGELE, Jr.
Attorney-at-Law,

Dickson Building, MANSFIELD, OHIO.
M. H. S. '96.

GET IN ON THIS!

**D. & M. Famous
Base Balls,
Gloves and
Bats at**

**Colwell
Hardware
Co.**

Sign BIG PADLOCK.

Merchant 
 Tailoring

For Up-to-Date Garments
and square deal try

Brunk & Wolf,
12 South Park St.



You'll do better at

SCHROER'S,

109-115 north Diamond St.

FURNITURE and UNDERTAKING.

LOVE STORY.

Chapter One—Maid One.

Chapter Two—Maid Won.

Chapter Three—Made One.—Ex

TO BE OR NOT TO BE.

I'd rather be a Could Be,
If I cannot be an Are;
For a Could Be is a May Be
With a chance of touching far.

I had rather be a Has Been
Than a Might Have Been, by far;
For a Might Be is a Hasn't Been,
But a Has was once an Are.

Also an Are is Is and Am;
A Was was all of these;
So I'd rather be a Has Been
Than a Hasn't, if you please.

OUT IN KANSAS.

Eastern Student — "It is now
tempus, amicus, with mutus con-
sensus, that I go to your domus and
woo Morpheus."

Western Farmer—"You'll takibus
the hayforkibus and load that hayi-
bus into that cartibus P. D. Quick-
ibus, or you'll get no grubibus
tonightibus. Seeibus?"—Ex.

Who in his watch lid wears
His sweetheart's pretty face
Is sure to have a time, for there's
A woman in the case.

FOR . . .

GOOD BUGGIES

AND

HARNESS

SEE

Howard Miller

South Walnut Street
Mansfield, O.

The Guarantee Store

This story is told of a college professor, who was known for his concentration of mind.

The professor was returning home one night from a scientific meeting, still pondering over the subject. He had reached his home in safety, when he heard a noise which seemed to come from under the bed.

"Is some one there?" he asked.

"No, professor," answered the intruder, who knew of the professor's peculiarities.

"That's strange ; I was positive some one was under my bed," continued the learned man.

'Non paratus !' freshman dixit,

Cum a sad et doleful look;

"All right !" magister respondit,

Et "nihil" scripsit in his book.

RUSK BROS.

DEALERS IN

. . . ALL KINDS OF . . .

Hard and Soft Coal

Lime, Hair, Cement,
Tile, Etc.

OFFICE 18 1-2 SOUTH MAIN STREET

Yards Foot of East Second St.

Both Phones 243

"Gowenstine's"

THE JEWELERS

The Place to Buy Your
Graduation Presents

W. K. ACKERMAN

20 South Main Street

PHONE 14

If you want the best goods for
the money, here is the place.

We sell as cheap as any one
in the city.

Compare Our Goods and Prices
With Others.



THE OUTLET

50 North Main—MANSFIELD, OHIO.

"FINE CLOTHES
THAT'S ALL."

Headquarters for
YOUNG MEN'S CLOTHES.

Boys see NEIL and ARTHUR for your Graduating Suits.

MANSFIELD'S EXCLUSIVE CLOTHES SHOP.



*I
sell
property
for
others,
Why
not
for
you?*

Chas. Brumfield,

35½ North Main St.

Over Adams Express Co.

We offer you every inducement in the way of a sanitary up-to-date

Barber Shop.

Ladies' work a specialty.

Electric Drier and
Electric Massage
by appointment at
homes where
electric lights
are used.

W. W. Holmes,

SOUTHERN BARBER.

Here are the Reasons Why

every Mansfield family should use Brown's
HUNGARIAN Flour :

¶ It is a Mansfield product---keep your money at home, where it will come back to you.

¶ It is the best GRADE of flour sold in Mansfield---no other flour even PRETENDS to be as good.

¶ It is wholesome---analysis show it contains more nutriment in proportion to the cost than any other food product known.

¶ It is clean and pure---the wheat is scoured by machinery and washed by steam---and then is not touched by human hand until you open the sack in your own kitchen.

¶ It is always even and uniform---24 sets of steel rolls, and the finest of silk sieves make it so.

¶ The small extra amount you pay for it is more than repaid in superior quality and satisfaction.

Get a sack to-day and see for yourself the
satisfaction there is in

BROWN'S HUNGARIAN FLOUR.

Bell Ph. 25. THE HICKS BROWN MILLING CO. Home Ph. 25.

Don't Experiment.

HAVE YOUR

PHOTOS

MADE AT

The Burkholder Studio

and be sure of

being pleased.

Don't Experiment.

Schuler's School for **Dancing**

ACADEMY 27½-33½ N. Main St.

Solicits Refined Patronage Only.



When the Big Electrical "S" is lighted
Schuler's parties
are in progress.

Private lessons by appointment.

For information ring Mansfield
Phone 1062-J.

Assembly every Tuesday Evening.

Not public. Reference.

Admitted by Membership
Card Only.

Stuhldreher & Son

Carry a full line of

**Fresh
Vegetables**

in their

NEW HOME.

Everything Clean and New.

KEPT HER WAITING.

In an Atlanta cemetery one tomb bears at the top: "Helen Vance, Wife of Harold Vance. 1854. I await you." Then, beneath, is carved: "Harold Vance. 1889. Here am I."

At the base of the inscription some one has written: "He took his time."

Pat and Mike had gone to bed.

Pat—Moik, are ye awake?

Mike—Yes.

Pat—Will yez lend me a dollar?

Mike—Aw, Oi'm schlapin' now.

TELEPHONE ✽

W. C. Mowry & Co.,

"On the Square"

DRUGGISTS,

For DRUGS,
TOILET ARTICLES,
PERFUMES and
RUBBER SUNDRIES.

Both Phones.

(Postage Stamps)

(Post Cards)

N. E. Cor. Square.

LeROY C. BENEDICT,

DENTIST,

48 Park Ave. W.

MANSFIELD, O.

Richland Electric Co.

Headquarters for
all kinds of

ELECTRIC SUPPLIES.

Estimates cheerfully furnished
on all construction work.

Overstocked with ELECTRIC and
COMBINATION CHANDELIERS.

Prices below cost while they
last.

CALL AND SEE US.

R. V. Cairns,

Manager.

No. 31 Park Ave. West.

LeROY PARSONS,

Life,

Fire and

Accident

Insurance,

Office 36½ North Main St.

Mansfield Tel. No. 226.

Louis A. Ott

Jeweler and Optician

56 NORTH MAIN STREET
Mansfield, Ohio

H. Wendling

Barber Shop

No. 12 East Fourth St.

WITH . . .

SPALDING'S ATHLETIC GOODS

You Secure the Best

..WE CARRY A FULL STOCK..

SMOKEHOUSE

McVey & Downs

Dr. James Herbert West

DENTIST

Room 19, Dickson Block

J. M. GARBER, M. D.

EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT

KING BUILDING

Hours—9:00 to 11:30 ; 1:00 to 4:00

Upson Brothers

DIXIE COAL

BEST FOR DOMESTIC USE

BOTH PHONES

SPRING OXFORDS.

*New Spring Oxfords
ready for your
inspection.*

*When thinking of GOOD,
SNAPPY, UP - TO -
DATE OXFORDS
Think of This Store.*

HEAVY LEMON,

THE FOOT FITTER,

**BIRD
BLOCK.**

**MANSFIELD,
OHIO.**

BERNO'S.

See the new models in

Easter Suits,

Waists

and

Millinery.

Grand Special Opening Soon.

See daily papers for further announcement.

BERNO'S.

Plazer & Mitchell,

**SANITARY
TONSORIAL and
MASSAGE
PARLOR.**

**Children's Hair Dressing
and Bobbing a specialty.**

47½ N. MAIN ST.

"What is the secret of success?"
asked the Sphinx.

"Push," said the Button.

"Take pains," said the Window.

"Never be led," said the Pencil.

"Be up to date," said the Calendar.

"Always keep cool," said the Ice.

"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.

"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.

Pickering & Jelliff,

JEWELERS.

**We wish to announce to the
GRADUATING CLASS**

that we have the best stock of

Watches, Diamond Rings,

Locketts and Chains,

Silver Spoons,

Bracelets and all articles of

**Jewelry, China, etc., to select
from in the city.**

Call and be convinced.

SPECIAL PRICES.

PICKERING & JELLIFF,

Cor. Third and Main.

Jewelers.

PARIS DESIGNS

In the showing of the "New"
in Suits, Millinery and Waists
REED'S stand indisputably first.

An article of wearing apparel from
REED'S gives the wearer an air
of distinction. Why? Because
REED'S apparel is different from
the rest—it possesses those lines—
style touches, that are found in
goods of class only.

The **H. L. Reed Co.**

"THE OLD RELIABLE."

An Englishman, fond of boasting
of his ancestry, took a coin from his
pocket and, pointing to the head
engraved on it, said: "My great-
great-grandfather was made a lord
by the king whose picture you see
on this shilling."

"What a coincidence!" said his
Yankee companion, who at once
produced another coin. "My great-
great-grandfather was made an
angel by the Indian whose picture
you see on this cent." — Ladies
Home Journal.

Little Mary sat on the floor be-
side her mother's chair, busily
dressing her doll.

"Please give me a pin, mamma,"
she said, and her mother handed
her a pin from the cushion, not
heeding that it was bent.

"Oh! this is a wilted one,
mamma," she exclaimed. "Can't
you give me a fresh one?"—Lip-
pincott's.

Alois Becker,

MERCHANT
TAILOR, . .

Our Suits have Fit, Style and Quality.

Your Orders are Kindly Solicited.

Prices Guaranteed to be Satisfactory.

61½ Wiler Block,

MANSFIELD, O.



Mansfield Phone 111-J.

Cummings, McBride & Wolfe,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

9½ N. Main St.,

MANSFIELD, OHIO.

SEE  

The McClelland- Mowry Co.

for a full line of

Fancy and
Imported

Groceries.

WILBUR'S CHOCOLATE BUDS

The very daintiest, the most delicious morsels of
CHOCOLATE you ever tasted, either at home
or abroad, are the WILBUR'S CHOCOLATE
BUDS. 30c. 40c. and 50c. packages. ❁ ❁ ❁

LUCAS BROS., DRUGGISTS.



C. C. RUNYAN,

25 Park Ave. W.

❁ OUR DEPARTMENTS: ❁

Wood Mantels, Grates and Tile, Floor Enamel and Wall Tile.	Plumbing and Gas Fitting, Steam and Hot Water Heating.
Gas, Electric and Combination Fixtures, Electric Goods and Wiring.	Slate, Tin and Iron Roofing, Galvanized Iron Cornices and Skylights.

Estimates Furnished.



 FRESH and
DAINTY
CREATIONS 

For GRADUATES in Young
Ladies' and Young Men's Foot-
wear. Bronze, Ooze Calf, Tans
and Blacks. ❁ ❁ ❁

All
Moderately
Priced.



Merts-Kirkpatrick,

 Walk-Over
Boot Shop. 

THE BIG CASH STORE.

R. B. MAXWELL & CO.

Some stores howl quality.

Others claim lowest prices.

The Big Store gives you both—for cash.

"Meet Me at Maxwell's."

**L. H. BEAM,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,**

17-18 Dickson Block.

Mansfield, Ohio.

**Dr. A. N. Lindsey,
DENTIST,**

T. & A. Bldg.

23½ N. Main St.

Tel. Mans. 1145; Bell 559-W.

MANSFIELD, OHIO.



**Massa's
IMPERIAL
5 cent
Cigar.**



A pair in the hammock
Attempted to kiss,
And in less than a jiffy
They ended like this.

Small Boy—"Have you anything
to reduce flesh?"

Druggist—"Anti-fat?"

Small boy—"No, uncle."

Doctor (just arrived)—"What on
earth are you holding his nose for?"

Pat (kneeling beside the victim)
—"Sure, sir, so his breath can't
leave his body."

Teacher—"What is your name,
my boy?"

Boy—"Jule."

Teacher -- "You should say
Julius." Then, turning to another
boy, "What is your name?"

Second Boy--"Billious."

**My New Spring
and Summer**

❁ **Fabrics** ❁

have arrived.

Call and make your selections
early and secure the
choicest patterns.

Garments made and trimmed
in the best manner.

Style and Fit Guaranteed.

KISSANE,

THE TAILOR,

63½ North Main Street.

Over Lucas Bros. Drug Store.

What Wouldn't You Give

To hear right in your own home the great Melba sing "The Mad Scene" from Hamlet, Caruso give the Brindesi from Cavalleria Rusticana, or Schumann Heink give her "Sweet Thoughts of Home" from "Love's Lottery," or some of the simple old songs, "Old Folks at Home," by Adeline Patti, "Old Black Joe," by Louise Horner, or some of the stirring marches by Sousa, Arthur Pryer or the Police Band of Mexico. And if you like popular songs you may hear them sung by May Irwin, Vesta Victoria, Alice Lloyd, Harry Lauder, Richard Jose and a host of others. Only on a Victor is it possible to have such a repertoire of artists, and with it you have the greatest of all Musical Libraries, "The Victor Record Catalogue."



WE WILL GLADLY FURNISH YOU ONE OF THESE MACHINES ON TRIAL.

CHARLES M. ZITZER 162 North Main St.
Corner 5th St.

Also full line of Edison Phonographs, Popular Sheet Music and Post Cards.

IN A CLASS BY HIMSELF.

An Irish drill sergeant was instructing some recruits in the mysteries of marching movements, and found great difficulty in getting a countryman of his to halt when the command was given.

After explaining and illustrating several times he approached the recruit, sized him up silently for a couple of minutes, then demanded his name.

"Fitzgerald, sor," was the reply.

"Did you ever drive a donkey, Fitz?"

"Yes, sor."

"What did you say when you wished him to stop?"

"Whoa!"

The sergeant turned away and immediately put his squad in motion. After they had advanced a dozen yards or so he bawled out at the top of his lungs: "Squad, halt! Whoa, Fitzgerald!"

EYE STRAIN

. . AND . .

Nervous Discomfort



Twenty-five Years Exclusive Attention to this work.

DR. F. W. PLATT

NEUROLOGIST

Third and Main Streets

A Plant for Grinding Special Lenses.

W. H. GIFFORD,

**Attorney-at-Law,
Notary Public.**

74½ N. Main Street.

Over Merts-Kirkpatrick Shoe Store.

J. W. BAKER,

THE INSURANCE MAN,

26½ North Main St.,

MANSFIELD, OHIO.

Both Phones.

WHAT THEY CALL IT.

Grandma says we're right in style
A-sittin' in our automo-bile.

Grandpa says we're fit to kill
A-ridin' in our automo-bill.

Ma she says we ought to feel
Grateful for our automo-beel.

Pa says there ain't no other man
Kin run an auto like he can.

Auntie preaches near and far
'Bout our lovely touring car.

Uncle Bill says he ain't seen
Nowhere such a good machine.

Brother Jim, he keeps a-braggin'
'Bout the speed of our new wagon.

But, oh, it sounds so grand and noble
When sister Sue says automobile.

Latin Teacher — A horse! A
horse! My kingdom for a horse.

Frightened Student—La, do you
have to use one, too?"

DR. E. R. OBERLIN,
Dentist,

Bowers Block,

11 West Fourth St.

Rigby's

QUATILITY

5c. Cigar.

Yes! It is Different.



**High Grade
TAILORING
at the
Right Price.**

JOHN MILLER.

F. DOOLITTLE

DENTIST

Mansfield, Ohio

Over Blymyer's Stove Store
Both Phones

NOT SUPERSTITIOUS

Friend—'Do you consider it a sign of death in the family when your dog keeps you awake by howling all night?'

Old Kaintuck—'No, sah. Nevah considered the dog as a membah of the family, sah.'

DEFERRING THE TROUBLE.

What in the world shall I do with the baby, John? She's crying for the moon.'

"That's nothing. Wait till she's eighteen and she'll want the earth."

Don't Forget the

Dancing Pavilion

At the Park

See the New Building


**BELLE MEAD
SWEETS
CANDIES**

Just Sugar, Fruit and Chocolate
Intelligently Combined

THE CALDWELL & BLOOR CO.

THE QUALITY STORE

Sales Agents

Visit our 

Newly Remodeled Store.

The New Addition,

OUR

Children's Clothing Departm't

You Surely Want to See.

FREUNDLICH

Corner Public Pquare.

We are
Headquarters for
**CHINA,
KITCHENWARE,
CHANDELIERS,
and
NEW METHOD
GAS STOVES,
and
Guarantee to
please you as to
QUALITY
and
PRICE.**

We make a "SPECIALTY" of
"GAS LIGHTING" and assure you
satisfaction, no matter where you want
light, and always have the very latest
in GAS GOODS.

It will be to your interest to come
and see us.

F. Crouse & Son,
North Park Street.

If you want "GOOD" PLUMBING
and TIN WORK done at very reason-
able expense, then come to us.

Lady Agents

Wanted Everywhere.

Valuable Premiums Easily Earned

By a few hours work, selling our
Teas, Spices, Baking Powder, Flavor-
ing Extracts, Toilet Soaps, Perfumes,
etc. Ladies can get a Fine Dinner Set,
Toilet Set, Parlor Lamp, Couch, Rock-
ing Chair, Parlor Suit, Gold Watch,
Clock, Iron Bed with Springs and
Mattress, Side Board, Sewing Machine
Ladies' Desk, Folding Bed, Extension
Table, Wardrobe, Cupboard, Lace
Curtains, or choice of any other prem-
ium free.

Write today for particulars.

Outfit free.

Great Atlantic Tea Co.,
MANSFIELD, OHIO.

LOUIS D. BARR,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

ROOMS, 5, 6 & 7, BLYMYER BLDG.

17½ N. MAIN ST.,

MANSFIELD, OHIO.

Good Coffee!

We make a specialty of Fine Coffee
and we enjoy the reputation of giving
the best value for the money in this city
Try "ANGLE'S LUNCH" 20c. 1b.

John E. Angle.

MANSFIELD PHONE, 568.R.

L. W. ROE,

DENTIST.

Cor. Main Street and
Park Ave. West.

MANSFIELD, O.



YOUR BANK

Is what we would like our Bank to be. We would like you to make us your depository -- to have you talk over your financial affairs with us--to let us help you in your business matters. We try to meet our customer's wants.

OUR BANK, SHOULD BE YOUR BANK.

The Mansfield Savings Bank,

Corner Main and Fourth Streets.

" THE OLDEST AND LARGEST BANK IN THE CITY."



After Graduation What Then?

Your present education should be a stepping stone to a profession, and a future—not a life sentence to the delivery wagon and to the jeers of the people for not "Making Good".

It is true you may not be able to go to college—but, in your case, if going to college would indicate a desire for knowledge—you can get the technical knowledge of any industrial profession, in your own home, by studying during your spare time and

Be Earning While Learning.

Our courses are practical in every respect—they represent the experience of the leading men of the country in the various professions and industries. In fact our text books are used by over seventy of the leading colleges, including Government schools.

The I. C. S. professors are college graduates, who have also had practical experience in their respective lines.

The I. C. S. are indorsed by many of the leading men of this country. We will be glad to show you these indorsements at any time.

We have thousands of successful students,—a good number in Mansfield. Our schools can help you, or your son or daughter to succeed.

For further information, write

The International Correspondence Schools,

SCRANTON, PA.

or Call or Phone, 117 BIRD BUILDING, for Catalogue.

FRED J. ROOT,

Phone 1361-J. (Mansfield)

Representative.

WHAT WE TEACH.

... Ad Writer.	... Mechanical Engineer.	... Monumental Draftsman.
... Show-Card Writer.	... Machine Designer.	... Building Inspector.
... Window Trimmer.	... Mechanical Draftsman.	... Contractor and Builder.
... U. S. Civil Service Exams.	... Foreman Patternmaker.	... Heat and Vent. Engineer.
... Bookkeeper.	... Foreman Machinist.	... Foreman Plumber.
... Stenographer.	... Foreman Toolmaker.	... Plumbing Inspector.
... Commercial Law.	... Foreman Moulder.	... Civil Engineer.
... Banking.	... Foreman Blacksmith.	... Bridge Engineer.
... Illustrator.	... English Branches.	... Municipal Engineer.
... Carpet Designer.	... Teacher-Normal & Spec'l	... Hydraulic Engineer.
... Wallpaper Designer.	... Sheet-Metal Worker.	... R. R. Construction Eng.
... Linoleum Designer.	... Electrical Engineer.	... Surveyor.
... Bookcover Designer.	... Electric Machine Design'r	... Mining Engineer.
... Perspective Draftsman.	... Electric Lighting Supt.	... Mine Surveyor.
... Ornamental Designer.	... Electric Railway Supt.	... Mine Foreman.
... Sign Painter.	... Electrician.	... Mine Fire Boss.
... Stationary Engineer.	... Telegraph Engineer.	... Metallurgist.
... Boiler Designer.	... Telephone Engineer.	... Assayer.
... Marine Engineer.	... Architect.	... Chemist.
... Farm Machinery.	... Structural Engineer.	Library of Technology
... Gas Engineer.	... Structural Draftsman.	... French } With Edison.
... Refrigeration Engineer.	... Architectural Draftsman	... German. } Repeating
		... Spanish. } Phonograph.

